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A QUEST FOR A HEART.

BY E. T. B.

I looked forth from my inmost self,
And searched the world throughout;
"My life," I cried, "for one true heart,
To swear by without doubt!"

I looked again, and looked in vain,
No heart appealed to mine;
"Seek not outside," a voice replied,
"For hearts to answer thine."

I looked within, and next mine own,
So close that both seemed one,
I found the heart—and there it lies;
'Tis yours—My search was done.

THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE walked up to the little blistered green door, and again, as on the previous day, she knocked in vain upon it. Again, and again she knocked, and presently she tried to open it, and found it locked. Then she turned with a smiling shake of the head to Doctor Calmady, wondering why he looked so concerned as he watched her from the gate.

"There is surely another door?" he said, letting the gate bang noisily behind him as he came through with haste.

"Oh, yes, and I know it!" said Miss Glenorris, passing round the house; while he tried to peer in at the windows, behind each of which there was jealously drawn a rotten-looking blind of faded green holland.

"It is open," spoke Joy very quietly, when she returned to him; "but, though I have knocked loudly upon it, no one seems to hear."

"Then we—I must go in," declared Doctor Calmady. "Some one might be ill."

"Could I be of a little use," the girl asked anxiously—"ever so little?"

He did not seem to hear, as he took off his hat and passed into a gloomy little passage; but Joy followed him, shivering in the desolation of the fireless house into which no hands had let that morning's light and air.

"Miss Glenorris go back!"

Doctor Calmady had not turned to face her in the doorway of the gloomy little room when he uttered this quick troubled command.

"What is it?" she faltered, white to her lips with fear.

"Death!" he said, as if involuntarily. "A murder! A—— Great Heavens, a double murder!"

* * * * *

Doctor Calmady, foreseeing what it would mean for Joy Glenorris to witness the scene he looked upon, tried to prevent her entering the room into which he had preceded her; but he was too late. She had followed him at once, and had seen what he saw, though the room was in gloom, there having been no hands to lift the old green blinds which had been dropped on the previous night.

Agatha Porch lay back on a low wicker-chair, her cold dead hands locked tightly in her lap, a look of awful suffering on her cold dead face. Beside her knelt Jessie, with hidden face; but the stillness of the bending figure was so appalling that no wonder Doctor Calmady had spoken of a double murder, even before he had realized how far worse was the truth.

"Jessie!"

The one word uttered so pitifully, broke the unnatural stillness of the little darkened room, and Doctor Calmady drew his breath more freely. Stooping above the kneeling figure, Joy laid one hand on either shoulder.

"Jessie," she said softly, trying to hide the irrepressible shudder which seized her when she caught sight, for all her efforts to the contrary, of Agatha's rigid face—"Jessie, come with me!"

"Go back, Miss Glenorris!" cried Doctor Calmady suddenly. "Let me beseech you to go back."

"Jessie," she said again, bending her compassionate face still lower—"Jessie, will you come with me?"

No lifting of the bowed head, and no answer, save a frenzied tightening of the hands clasped round her sister's lifeless form.

"This is miserable!" cried Doctor Calmady moved from his professional calm. "Miss Glenorris, you must not stay. I positively forbid you to stay. Besides"—with a sudden conviction of what words would influence Joy Glenorris most—"you can help far more in other ways."

"What ways?" she asked, rising, the deathly whiteness of her face showing him the horror at her heart, though she was so quiet.

"What ways?" he repeated nervously, taking her hand as he turned away from the close examination he had been pursuing in the dusky silence. "Come with me, and I will tell you—gratefully. Nothing will make that girl look up; so please leave them as they are."

"I will try just one word."

Joy spoke softly in a great self-control which astonished Doctor Calmady in spite of his professional experience; then, with one hand on Jessie's bent head, she breathed the name which had been the younger sister's watchword through all her life—

"Agatha!"

Swift as lightning the girl rose, shaking Joy's hand from her head as if it had been a leaf, and facing her with a look which made her shrink back involuntarily, in spite of the strong command she put upon herself; for through the wide strained eyes there flashed the fury of a darkened soul.

For a few moments Jessie stood, and Doctor Calmady braced himself for the fierce act for which that wild look in her eyes prepared him; but Joy's clear straight glance—unconsciously fearless and unsuspicious, because born only of purest sympathy—kept her from the onward step as successfully as great experience could have done. She paused, suddenly lifted her clenched hands to her temples, and then laughed wildly. Horrible as was such a sound in the room of death, still more appalling was the sight of lips that were utterly sinless emitting unbridled laughter.

That, even more than the sudden sound, made Doctor Calmady start as if he were a nervous girl; and yet for months he had been prepared for this insanity.

"I have seen it coming, Miss Glenorris," he explained, with hurried quietness, to Joy, as he led her towards the door, and Jessie Porch fell to her knees, with again the jealous grip of her sister's senseless form. "I knew it was latent; but happiness would have kept it at bay. It might, in time, have come through her sister's wearing ways; but this ghastly shock has brought it suddenly."

"You think," faltered Joy, but her white lips would not frame the words she meant to utter.

"I think," he answered, leading her on as he spoke, "that poor, girl"—with a backward glance at the mute figure—"has found her sister murdered, and the shock has worse than murdered her. Great heavens"—as Joy reeled back against the door—"what an idiot I was not to use authority at first to keep you away!"

"I am not fainting," she said brokenly. "I never did—indeed. It is close; that is all."

"Vilely close—chemically close," he assented, with a swift glance backward into the gloomy little room, where his eyes rested on a wide-necked bottle with its glass stopper lying beside it on the table. "The air will soon do you good. Now, Miss Glenorris, do you really feel equal to going alone? If so, you could help me greatly, as I must stay here."

The words roused and decided her, as he knew they would.

"Tell me how to help you. Ever so few words will do. I shall not be long."

"Do not hasten," he entreated, raising his eyes to gaze with deep concern into the girl's troubled face. "I should like Doctor Paul sent for from Eastmouth, and the police; but Lawrence Nelson will manage it all, if you will let him know."

"But what of Jessie? Could I not take her away from this dreary place and scene?"

"You take her away? Emphatically, no!" cried Doctor Calmady. "But indeed she would not go, if I were mad enough to let you try. Miss Glenorris, she has been in one hour transformed from the gentle subdued girl whom you and I knew up to yesterday into a dangerous madwoman. She was prevented from hurting you—or me—a few minutes ago only by your pitiful gaze being so steady and so brave, though you did not know it, that it cowed the evil impulse in her. For all that brief defeat, she is, as I said, a dangerous madwoman. I hate uttering to you those very hard words; but they will be said to you by some one."

"Doctor Calmady, shall I bring Sister Alice back with me?"

"Sister Alice will be of service, as I am here," he said, wondering over the clearness of the girl's thoughts, and her bravery in taking it for granted that she should return; "but you must not return here, Miss Glenorris. You will be of invaluable use if you do all you have promised; but I wish to Heaven you had never entered this wretched house!"

"One moment, Doctor Calmady," whispered Joy, her lips unsteady and her eyes shining feverishly—"could it have been the—the work of the sister, in her madness?"

"Impossible!" he said decisively. "Impossible! She was not mad—in this way—until the shock overbalanced her brain. Never was there more self-denying wholehearted devotion than hers for her sister. You see how she will not leave her even now."

"And how long ago must it have been?"

"Many hours—twelve, I should say; but old Bridget will tell us when she left them. It harasses me sorely for you to be here, Miss Glenorris. If you meet any one, pray let them run for Nelson while you sit down and be idle, and give no second thought to me or to this house."

The girl smiled bravely; and Doctor Calmady, watching her pass from the cliffs into the long hilly field which would lead her into her own park, noticed that she ran across it like a child.

She reached Merlswood just as the breakfast-gong sounded; but passing the house, she ran on to the stables, and, while one of her grooms summoned the men and saddled a horse, she wrote on one of the tiny leaves in her purse—

"Dear Mr. Nelson:—Will you please go to Dr. Calmady at the Moat, and send my man on to tell the police to go too? You will understand how to do this. Please tell Dr. Calmady I have sent another groom into Eastmouth for Dr. Paul, who will probably ride his horse back. The man may be of further use, as you may wish to send for Sir Hussay Vickery—is he not the nearest magistrate?"

She was not even aware that she had explained nothing, when—forgetting even to add her signature—she tore the leaf out and gave it to the man, telling him to gallop with it to the Knoll.

By the second groom she sent only a verbal message to Doctor Paul; then she had the horses put into the brougham, and, giving the order "To the Cottage Hospital," took her seat.

Sister Alice—a strong, calm, gentle-looking woman—was quite at ease about the man whom Gervys Lester had saved from drowning the night before, for Doctor Calmady in his early visit had pronounced quietness all that was needed for the healing of his head; and the housekeeper—a capable active woman—was ready to go too, the subordinate being quite competent to take charge of the only patients the little hospital then contained.

Doctor Calmady, coming out hurriedly as the carriage approached the Moat, forbade Miss Glenorris to enter the house.

"But you are most kind to have brought Sister Alice," he said, "and more help; yes, that is very good."

So Joy drove away with a strange new loneliness in this trouble, the depths of which she had not yet sounded. She had given no order to the coachman, and he was naturally driving her home, when, groping in her thoughts for possible friends for those lonely women, she remembered how Mr. Johnson had spoken of their references when they applied for the house; and she gave the order to drive to the Severals. Without telling her agent what she herself had seen, she asked him if he had had, when he let the Moat to Miss Porch, the address of any friend or relative of hers.

Miss Porch, he said, had given him the address of a London banker as reference, with the option of referring to Mr. Norman Pardy. He had the banker's letter still.

"Would you kindly take that letter to the Moat, Mr. Johnson" asked Joy, in her girlish way—not at all as mistress to a dependant—"and consult with Dr. Calmady, who is there? Please take the carriage, for you may wish to drive on—to Mr. Pardy, or to the telegraph office, or—anywhere. Please take it; the man may be useful, and a walk back through the park will do me good."

"But, Miss Glenorris, you already look tired. Let me order my horse."

"No; please go at once with that letter; they may find no clue—at the house—to any friends Miss Porch had. I have nothing I can do, so the walk will be a rest. And, Mr. Johnson, you will do anything necessary at my expense—please."

She did not tell him in what way he was to act at her expense; but he did not betray that he was puzzled—only assured her that he would execute her commands and return for further ones. He paused merely to take down the file on which he knew he should find the letter he wanted, and he put it into the carriage, intending to look the letter out as he drove. Then he paused at the carriage door, his gray head bared until he should see Miss Glenorris turn into the direct drive across to Merlswood, trodden so often by himself.

But, for all the directness of the path, it was quite two hours later when Anne Kienon, anxiously seeking her cousin, met her just entering through the conservatory. Anne knew now of the tragedy at the Moat, for Lawrence Nelson had ridden over personally to acknowledge Joy's little note and bring her Doctor Calmady's thanks.

"He will come again later to say good-bye to you, Joy," Anne explained, "for he returns to Plymouth this evening with his fellow-officers. He says that Mrs. Nelson will come presently too, and that the girls would have been over already but for the house being so full of guests. They all seem to be so very sorry that you entered that wretched room with Doctor Calmady. Of course it is sad for such a tragedy to have followed closely upon Miss Nelson's wedding; but, Joy dear, you must try to forget that you saw it. Of course it is terrible"—as she felt Joy shudder—"but so are hundreds of things that happen round us every day."

Joy smiled faintly. It was always so easy to her to see through Anne's kind little pretences, and this attempt to allude to the murder as an ordinary event was very transparent.

Miss Kienon's thoughts took a new and sudden turn. Joy had not breakfasted—of course that accounted for her paleness. Anne was positively grateful for this opportunity of being useful, and eagerly presided at the dainty breakfast Keats brought it into the conservatory; but, though Joy tried her best to please Anne, she could not even touch the luscious fruit, could only drink thirstily of the tea Anne delighted to pour out for her.

"To think, Joy dear," she said, trying to engage the girl's thoughts, "that I have not seen you since we were at that merry party at the Knoll last night, and you were the merriest of all!"

"Last night!" repeated Joy, looking out absently upon the park in the direction she had watched Gervys Lester take in the moonlight. "Only last night! How long ago it seems!"

"Joy my dear," cried Miss Kienon, wondering over a new look that crossed the girl's face, "why should you feel this so cruelly? It doesn't—I'm deeply grateful to say—touch you personally. Did you"—searching in her mind for some other cause for her paleness—"sleep at all last night?"

"No."

"I thought not. If you would but come now and lie down!"

But Joy's smile said that was of all things the most impossible, and presently she went into the house, trying to fill her place as usual; and it could not have been quite such a sorry failure as she thought it, when even Anne was deceived.

In spite of her guests, Mrs. Nelson came to Merlswood and tried to persuade Joy to go back with her, that her daughters and their friends might cheer her and make her forget the sight she never should have seen; but Joy would not leave home, though she gratefully accepted the motherly enlivenment.

"I don't know," she said, in a quiet bewildered way, "why it should seem more terrible to me than to Anne, or Terry, or any one; but it is such a weight upon me."

"You saw it, dear," explained Mrs. Nelson soothingly. "That accounts for all."

"Yes, yes!" cried the girl, with pitiful eagerness. "I saw it, and—see it, and—shall always see it."

"No," dissented Mrs. Nelson, with a smile which did the girl good instantly, "not after a good night's rest—a real night's rest—early to bed and late to rise, and a change."

But to that present change which she proposed she won no consent; and, when she left the girl's presence, she fancied she had done no good at all. But the fancy was wrong. If only for the tender motherly caress, Joy was the better for the visit.

Before leaving Merlswood Mrs. Nelson sought Mrs. Kienon and her daughter, and tried to urge upon them the necessity for cheering the motherless girl and wooing her from solitary musing. Mrs. Kienon quite readily indorsed all Mrs. Nelson's ideas, and was, to judge by her brief remarks, far more deeply interested in her young cousin than any one not of the household could possibly be; and Mrs. Fears-Kienon tranquilly and sweetly deplored any anxiety or annoyance for Joy Glenorris.

Yet Mrs. Nelson left them quite convinced that, as far as those two women went, utter solitude was less lonely than society for the young mistress of Merlswood.

"How they dislike me!" she said to herself as she crossed the hall; but the thought did not bring a smile, as it so often had done, for her eyes were full of tears. But then what wonder? thought her own girls, who came to meet her, and had been crying themselves over the fate of those forlorn sisters at the Moat, who would never accept the kindnesses that had been proffered them.

Later on Lawrence called at Merlswood to bid Miss Glenorris good-bye, and, though he had determined not to allude to anything which could make the visit dismal, he found himself obliged to do so when Joy's eyes questioned him.

Oh, it was all right! he assured her, with fictitious lightness. There was to be an inquest next day; but his brother-in-law hoped he could prevent her being called. He fancied he might, as she had only followed him into the room for a minute, and the other doctor and the police had all come so quickly. Lawrence did not tell her that Doctor Calmady considered it better not to see Miss Glenorris until that dreary formula was over, nor did he profess to know anything of Jessie Porch.

"I hope the inquest will bring me down again; then I shall be thankful for it," he said. "I hate leaving with this shadow over the place that was so gay only yesterday."

Still later in the day Mr. Johnson came and filled the gaps in Lawrence's information. He had telegraphed to the London bankers to whom Miss Porch had referred him, and they had wired back that they had forwarded his message to the only member of Miss Porch's family they knew, an uncle who did business with them; and he—Mr. Johnson—had sent for Mr. Pardy, who regretted to say he knew absolutely nothing of Miss Porch, having merely acted for his father in some business relations with her father several years previously. Mr. Pardy could direct them to no friend or relative of the family; but he had put himself promptly at Doctor Calmady's service to be made use of, if possible.

Mr. Johnson told how Doctor Paul had sent a woman experienced among the insane to stay at the Moat until the uncle should arrive, and how a detective was already there; how the younger Miss Porch would not leave the presence of her dead sister, and had been dangerously violent when they had tried to coerce her.

Joy's eyes filled with tears, remembering how Mr. Johnson himself had so lately called Jessie "a little mouse of a woman."

"Surely," she cried, "they will soon find out who committed such a cruel crime!"

"Oh, surely!" Mr. Johnson hastened to assure her. "Our detective system is not often at fault, and there is generally some footprint left by the guilty rascal. The Devil, we know, does not always wait till Saturday night to pay his wages. I hope this sole relative of the poor murdered lady will not grudge expense in pursuing the criminal."

"If he does, may I pay? May I Mr. Johnson?" Joy asked, with one of those glimpses of childishness and obedience which were so at variance with her position and were shown to no one but to this sensible gray-haired man who managed her affairs and thought her briefest smile worth all the salary she gave him for a year.

"The means are in your hands, of course, Miss Glenorris," he said, in his most guarded manner; "but there is no cause for you to take the matter up just because the crime was committed in a house of yours. But"—with a smile—"there is the Crown to fall back upon."

Anne Kienon never forgot how long that evening seemed to her, in spite of an unusual liveliness in her sister Kate, whose curiosity over what she called "this alarming proof of murderers at large" almost amounted to excitement. It had even roused her to visit Mrs. Pardy at Ashgrove, on the chance of gleaning from Norman a few particulars denied to Miss Glenorris. Whether she succeeded or not she did not tell; but certainly there was an unusual loveliness that evening in her discourse, though her attitudes were indolent as ever.

At last the day wore to its close, and Anne Kienon, after trying vainly to read herself to sleep, was just going to put out the lamp at her bedside, when her door was quietly opened, and Joy entered, her face as white as her long dressing-gown.

"Anne," she said wistfully, "may I sleep with you to-night?"

"What is it, dear?" cried Anne, starting up. "What has frightened you?"

"Nothing—real"—with a faint smile. "It was only—fancy—of course. I heard—I thought I heard a child—crying in the tapestry-room."

"The wind," asserted Anne, in her brief practical way; but she regretted bitterly at that moment that she had ever told her young cousin the legend of such a cry foreboding trouble to a Glenorris.

She made Joy lie beside her, and she talked for a time on all sorts of irrelevant matters; then she read aloud, until Joy fell asleep, worn out by excitement and by those two sleepless nights of which Miss Kienon did not know.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE inquest had been fixed for two o'clock; but before that time Mrs. Nelson in her pony-carriage, called for Joy and took her for a long drive, Theresa leaning forward from the seat behind, and talking merrily all the way, not at all as if she had just bidden good-bye to her lover.

They returned to the Knoll for tea, and there found only Mrs. Calmady awaiting them, the sisters having thoughtfully planned that their few remaining guests, with Eliza, should go and have tea in Testy's Cove, not to be depressed by any event near home, nor to interrupt a little homely rest for Joy.

"Oh, here you are at last, Edwin!" cried his wife, when Doctor Calmady entered the pretty shaded drawing-room, followed by Mr. Johnson. "Of course we know what the verdict was; but tell us whether any glimmer of suspicion lights upon any one. Was there really no attempt at robbery?"

"No; yet a glimmer of suspicion does light on some one," returned Dr. Calmady gravely. "It is no suspicion though in which I join."

"What of the poor mad girl?" interposed Mrs. Nelson, far more touched by Jessie's affliction than by any possible account of the ruffian who had broken into the lonely house.

"She was taken away to the asylum this morning by her uncle and—others. Both Paul and myself saw, with him, that there was no other way. To this uncle she tried to be violent; but, though insanity unnaturally increases the strength, her long abstinence from food has wasted hers. He seems to have known nothing of these poor girls since their father died—died mad—and indeed very little before, as the brothers were not on good terms, it seems; but he declares he shall now hold himself responsible for the living one. Nor could he tell us of any other friend they had—relatives he knew they had not."

"What a pitiful case it is," said Mrs. Nelson—"this girl, with such a terrible inherited affliction, giving her life entirely to the sister who was not afflicted, and solely for this sad result!"

"Who is to say that the elder sister was—not afflicted?" asked Doctor Calmady, in his pondering way. "Thank you"—as his wife brought him a glass of wine instead of tea. "No, dear, nothing has occurred to change my opinion. Bridget Macinney had left the two sisters in the garden alive at nine o'clock on Wednesday night, and Paul's evidence agreed with mine exactly. Poor Miss Porch was suffocated with chloroform. Though the handkerchief had been taken off, the lips were so inflamed, and even blistered, that there was sufficient confirmatory *post-mortem* evidence without that of the handkerchief. It must have been tightly fastened; yet, strange to say, the sense of suffocation seemed to have caused no struggling. I should say, though it is impossible to tell exactly, that it must have taken six or eight minutes to obtain complete insensibility; and though the act of death would be painless, the struggle to prevent suffocation must have been painful enough, and I cannot understand there being no sign of fighting against that."

"Could it," asked Joy Glenorris, very low, "have been self-murder?"

"Utterly impossible. The handkerchief was tied on, and then untied and laid aside—beyond her reach—after the act."

"Then where, Mr. Johnson," inquired Mrs. Nelson, feeling the agent's silence unusual, and so appealing to him, "does suspicion alight?"

He glanced at Doctor Calmady, who, though his eyes were, as usual, lowered, seemed to be aware of the glance, and answered in his own way—

"You must try, dear," he said to his wife, as she refilled Mr. Johnson's glass, "to prepare the *matter* for an unpleasant surprise, as the suspected man has been her guest. It will grieve you and your sisters too—who have looked upon him as a friend—for the suspicion rests on Mr. Lester of the Glen Farm."

"What?"

The single syllable rang like a cry through the group.

"Edwin," exclaimed his wife, growing pale even to the lips, as she controlled herself not to glance at the girl who had uttered that cry, "you must be mad!"

"I told you it was not a suspicion in which I joined," he answered, hastening to wind up all he need say. "Mr. Lester left here before ten o'clock. At half-past nine, Mrs. Nelson says, he bade her good night. Two hours afterwards he had not reached the farm. After that—presumably—he entered with his latch-key, changed his evening-dress, and left the house again. The only train he could have caught within reach was one to London, and we telegraphed to the hotel at which he always stays when in town; but he was not there."

"The idea of Gervys Lester doing such a thing is simply mad!" cried Theresa.

"It is impossible to dream of such an absurdity," added Mrs. Nelson. "I am sure we none of us could for one single moment."

"I believe," said Joy, her fingers gripping the arms of her low chair, "that I did it myself. That is easier to believe."

"Mr. Johnson," cried Mrs. Calmady, "were you on such a senseless jury?"

"No," he answered, trying to speak lightly as he met Miss Glenorris's troubled eyes; "nor would I believe a word against Mr. Lester, even if St. John of the Golden Mouth himself declared it."

"But, Edwin," cried Mrs. Nelson, "no English jury could suspect a gentleman on his accidental absence. It is absurd."

"That would be," he answered—slowly, in his system of working gradually up to what he had to say—"but there was circumstantial evidence against him. There is a Mr. De Mortimor staying in Eastmouth, and on the night before last he seems to have been strolling about here in the moonlight. In passing this house he was detained by the pleasure of listening to the band, and he stood for some time out there in the park. He was tempted by the beauty of the night to go on by the cliffs, and as he passed the Moat, he was arrested again, but this time by hearing a woman cry. He stood in the shadow, and could see the younger Miss Porch walking rapidly up and down under the verandah. He thinks he waited fully a quarter of an hour, fascinated, to watch the girl pacing the terrace, for he looked at his watch when he left, and it was half-past ten. Then he saw Mr. Lester come from the house, and, passing her without a word, go from the garden. Lester looked horribly pale and put out, the man said, and passed without seeing him, going on towards the Glen Farm. This man waited a few minutes, not to startle him, then went on his own way. That was the evidence."

"How could you listen? How could any one?" asked Mrs. Calmady.

"It is such a glaring mistake!" said Joy quietly. "If Mr. Lester had gone into that house, it would have been to do a kind act, not a cruel one; besides, he—he never went. He was—he must have been with me."

"My dear," cried Mrs. Nelson, her face full of fear as well as compassion, while she took into her soft warm clasp one of the girl's strained hands and tried to prevent her seeing the surprise on every face, "let us drop this sad subject."

"Yes," said Joy, with a smile far sadder than a burst of tears, "it is even wicked to talk about such a wicked man. I—know him."

"You!" cried Dr. Calmady, even raising his eyes in his eagerness. "Then for the first time I feel glad that the man's evidence caused an adjournment. On this day week the inquest will be resumed, though the funeral will take place Monday, as the manner of death is clear enough."

"Mr. Johnson," began Joy, her pale cheeks flushing in the effort to speak as naturally as the others did, "you said that I might pay to have this mystery cleared. It shall be done, if I spend every cent I have. The man who did that crime deserves three deaths for the murder of both sisters, and for the murder, even for an hour, of an innocent name."

"The scamp shall be left without a leg to stand upon!" declared Mr. Johnson, with more zeal than thought. "Justice is justice all the world over, and he shall find out what Hosea Bigelow found—that a man must get up very early in the morning indeed if he means to take in the Almighty!"

"You must not, all of you, conclude," resumed Doctor Calmady, "that the jury depended solely on this circumstantial evidence. The case looked ugly before that Mortimor appeared, for the handkerchief that had been knotted round the poor creature's mouth, and still told its tale of chloroform to professional noses, is marked with Gervys Lester's name."

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Calmady, with a gasp, while at first no one else seemed capable of speaking.

"One evening"—Joy was standing now, her whole frame trembling—"I saw Miss Porch in my own park with that handkerchief knotted round her neck."

"That fact then is worth nothing," declared Mrs. Nelson, as readily as she would have subscribed to any fancy of the girl's, while such feverish brilliance shone in her eyes.

Doctor Calmady raised his gaze, as even his wife had rarely seen him do before, and regarded Miss Glenorris with a marked anxiety yet a certain relief.

"I am unfeignedly glad of what you say, Miss Glenorris—though of course you have not yet seen that handkerchief—and I trust it will be no pain to you to tell this in public."

"What is it I can tell?" she asked, her beautiful eyes meeting his in a dazed way. "It is nothing that I can understand." For the cruel whisper echoed in her heart—Had Gervys Lester even been kind in what he had said of Agatha Porch?

Then her eyes avoided all her companions and her hands closed on each other feverishly. Opposite to her was the portrait of a young Nelson who had been dead for forty years. She looked at the smooth pictured face, and recalled how they had told her that one evening after mess, when the regiment of which he was chaplain was at Meerut, one of the officers, angry with another, aimed a decanter at his head, just exclaiming, in a friendly way, "Look out, Nelly!" because this young Nelson stood rather in the way of his missile; how "Nelly" had not looked out in time, and was killed on the spot. She thought how far away now the trouble seemed that must have been so terrible then, and she fancied that perhaps some day this trouble too would seem dim and far away. An odd patient thought, shining for a moment down from that picture, to pierce the gloom around her!

"There is something to be discovered," observed Mr. Johnson, as he watched her anxiously, "and we will discover it. Let the Crown investigate too, if it choose. We will be as fair and generous as the miners were at Botallack, Miss Glenorris. No spying fellows were allowed to see the workings of that great submarine mine, because the Duchy laid a most unholy claim to the dues or minerals found between high and low water; so the emissaries who were sent to the mine on every conceivable pretext to bring back the coveted information were never allowed to descend. Well, one day an unusually innocent stranger was taken down and over it, showing a great deal of intelligent ignorance; but the shrewd old 'Capen,' chancing to look round at the wrong moment, saw a compass suddenly whipped out. In one instant the candle of this very interested visitor was blown out; a puff and the Captain's own was extinguished; while the miners followed suit. 'Now,' said the Captain very genially in the darkness, and at least half a mile from the surface, 'you may investigate just as you choose.' Mrs. Nelson, this is a free fair world, and we will say to the other side, 'You may investigate just as you choose'; but we will blow out the candles if we can."

"I hope they took him safely up into the daylight," said Mrs. Nelson, with a smile that seemed almost natural.

"When I was a student," said Doctor Calmady, seconding these efforts at cheerfulness, "I was far nearer to being tried for murder than Mr. Lester is! It is a fact my dear"—with a grave nod at his wife. "A man was missing who had been last seen with me, and the police received an anonymous letter saying there was reason to suspect that a dead body lay in my room. Two men came to my den, and there was the suspicious box six feet long and narrow in proportion, and they bade me open it. I declined, evading, in jest, all their very leading questions; so a coroner's jury was assembled, a summons sent to me, and I had to confess all about the beautiful mummy upon which I had wasted the savings of a year."

"Strong evidence!" observed Mr. Johnson, and then thoughtfully took his leave.

When Doctor Calmady had presently followed him out through one of the French

windows, Mrs. Nelson, who though they had risen, still kept Joy's hand in hers, laid the girl's head upon her shoulder in motherly sympathy and love.

"We shall understand it all presently," she said. "Things are so often incomprehensible to us for a time; but they all come right."

As she spoke, Theresa, in her loving excitement, burst out crying, and at last the tears gathered slowly in Joy Glenorris's wide feverish eyes. But the girl's pitiful nervous self-control was incomprehensible to them, for had they not seen how she disliked Gervys Lester?

CHAPTER XV.

THROUGH the three slow days that had to intervene between Agatha Porch's funeral and the adjourned inquest Joy Glenorris restlessly haunted the neighborhood of the empty house upon the cliffs, though she could not, even in her inmost thoughts, account for this. She only knew that all the world seemed jumbled—miserable—wrong; the innocent suffering for the guilty, death sealing a truth that might have set things right.

If only Gervys Lester would come back again!

This was such a strong unresting desire. If he would only come back, and just by a word, as he so easily could, show the clear truth which somebody seemed trying to hide under a dark unfounded suspicion!

Where was he? Would he come soon? Ceaselessly the girl wondered, fighting against the memory of a few words of his which cruelly and constantly re-echoed in her brain—

"It must be to-night, if at all."

Had he not said it to her as they parted only last Wednesday night—the night of their first dance?

"It must be to-night, if at all."

Well, it was natural to say that, when he was was going away next morning so early. But why had he gone so early? Yet why should he not? His hours were his own. Why should he not choose when he would to leave this place, where perhaps he had found but little happiness? But why was his intercourse with these sisters never acknowledged? Yet was not her own acquaintance with Miss Porch a stealthy one? Had she not always kept secret that discovery of Agatha's stay at Merlswood? But why had he chosen that night to go—that one night out of all the year? And yet why not, when he knew so little what the morrow would bring forth?

So the thoughts drove off, wearing and wearying her—hurried and wayward and contradictory thoughts, only one of which always stood out clear and marked in the bewilderment surrounding all others—if she had followed his advice, and dismissed Miss Porch from the Moat, this tragedy would never have happened? That act of hers would indeed, as he himself had said, have saved her life.

On the day before the inquest, as she trod the cliff-path from the empty house which closely held its secret, this sorrowful memory so filled her heart that she did not hear Mr. Pardy's step, and started like a guilty person at the sound of his voice when he addressed her.

His face was calm and sympathetic as he paused on the very spot where the girl who had been driven mad by her sister's death had rescued that sister from a death by his hand, and he looked indeed a man upon whom no dark and hurtful suspicion could rest. Of the guilt of that murder, with which the girl's thoughts had been at that moment filled, how could the faintest suspicion touch him, for had not every hour of that Wednesday night been openly spent with others and frankly accounted for? Had he not arrived at the Knoll before the hour when the sisters had been alive together in the garden at the Moat? Had he not been dancing there till midnight, staying even for the last dance? And then had he not driven straight to Ashgrove with three of Lawrence's fellow-officers, who were staying at his mother's house, because the Knoll was so full?

Had he not sat up with them, playing whist and billiards until the early hours in the day when they had rowed to Teignmouth and bathed there, driving back to the Knoll for breakfast, and to hear of the murder that had been discovered an hour before? Had there not been companions with him through every hour?

Was not every act of his that night clear as the noon-day, clear as was the soft evening light around him now while he stood and told her, in his gentle way, how it grieved him for there to have fallen even the lightest breath of suspicion on Gervys Lester, though it was a gratification that it would not pain her, because Mr. Lester was no friend of hers, as she had so very plainly and constantly allowed him to see.

"I have been in town for the last few days," he said, "and, before I left, my one regret was that I could not have prevented your being a witness at the Moat. Now I have the painful secret that any hand which you have held in friendship should have been capable of such a fiendish deed."

"The hand you mean, Mr. Pardy," the girl said, "is not capable of any fiendish deed—certainly as little so as my own—or yours."

"I am relieved that you feel thus," he returned. "I was on my way to Merlswood to express my sympathy, as I have done to acquaintances of Mr. Lester's; so may I walk with you a little way instead? I promise not to weary you with the same expression of what I feel."

As they walked slowly in the calm evening light along the cliff-path just wide enough for two, it was a fair time to choose to utter his gentle and well-chosen words; and, even if he had looked into the face of the girl who had so often, as he said, allowed him to see that Gervys Lester was no friend of hers, he would not have understood the strange tempestuous darkening of her eyes when Lester's name was mentioned, although the human countenance was far from a sealed book to Norman Pardy.

"I wish, Miss Glenorris"—he spoke with a great deal of earnestness—"you would not come here at present, while your mind is harassed by doubt."

"But it is not," she answered briefly, wondering why she shrank from even momentarily discussing with this patient forbearing young man the tragedy of which surely he had a right to speak, as the poor murdered girl had been an acquaintance of his.

"I fear you are, though you think not," he said, with a kind smile."

"Do you imagine that I doubt Mr. Lester in any way?" Joy asked, with a very clear questioning glance from her beautiful eyes.

"Well, there hovers over his absence and secrecy a very ugly atmosphere of suspicion just now," said Norman, his gaze following the flight of a hawk among the towering cliffs, "and over one or two other facts, a giant among them being the evidence of the man who saw him leave the Moat, very pale and *distrait*, just at the time the murder is supposed to have been committed there."

"I have heard that absurd falsehood until I am weary to death of it," Joy said very quietly.

"And the still more condemnatory evidence," Norman went on, in his calm way, "of the handkerchief—the weapon of murder, as we may call it—being his."

"That tells nothing," she said; and he could only read on her face a deep bewilderment. "It no more condemns Mr. Lester than does the fact of Miss Porch having come here on purpose to seek out a will in favor of you and to my detriment condemn you or myself."

"I am so glad, Miss Glenorris, that you are—as I am—averse to harboring any suspicion in this preliminary stage," he remarked, studying her face intently, and still reading there only her own perplexity. "You must pity me for having just come from the Temple, where this murder is being lavishly discussed. I am afraid they harass you with it here, for Eastmouth is a vile little place for gossiping, and gives one"—smiling—"another definition of Leland's 'party old village' of a few centuries ago."

"Yes," said the girl mechanically, and, as she spoke, made a distinct pause, and stood watching a hovering gull suddenly pierce the pale gray plain before her, and disappear with as little splash as if a bullet fell. She waited until it rose, with a little musing smile—"It seems cruel work to us onlookers, but, of course, not to him."

Keen as was Mr. Pardy's desire to remain with her, he was too shrewd to linger long enough for his presence to jar upon her, and so he held out his hand with a smiling farewell. She took the hand without a smile, and went on thoughtfully to the head of the Merlswood cove, where she paused, speaking pleasantly to the men and boys who were taking the empty fishcarts down the steep and shadowy lane, or toiling up with their glistening stores. She was in no haste to reach home, knowing so well what awaited her there—Mrs. Fears-Kienon's serene and contemptuous astonishment at her curious restlessness, Mrs. Kienon's ceaseless arguments in favor of their all going abroad until the rumors born of the late unpleasant occurrence had died a natural death, and the constant demands of both those ladies upon Annie's time, so as to make futile all her efforts to be with Joy.

As she stood looking afar, where the little fisher-fleet lay at anchor, its masts clearly distinct this summer evening, like the spires of a little town, Miss Beton came slowly up from the beach, her eyes swollen and red with weeping.

"I was obliged to come out," she said, rather recklessly explanatory, as soon as Joy had greeted her, and apparently unaware that her eyelids betrayed her, "because I like to be cheerful, and Catherine is so miserably lugubrious to-day that I feared I should cry if I stayed with her. I like her—I do indeed, Miss Glenorris, though she is rather too big and florid. I mean to like her too"—with an air of sturdy defiance—"though Mr. Mortimor advised me never to trust her, because he said he never could himself trust a person with steel-colored eyes and barley-sugar hair. I heard from Mr. Mortimor this morning, Miss Glenorris, and I am sure he will be here to-morrow. He says he will move heaven and earth to do so, because I told him that you wished to meet him and speak to him, and he said that he deeply reciprocated the wish, and that it would be a proud hour when he might kiss Miss Glenorris's hand. But he did not recollect having met you before, as you fancied he had. I think he has not a good memory. I have frequently thought so."

"Never mind him," said Joy, with an involuntary curl of the lip.

"But how can I help it?" sighed Miss Beton. "I am uncomfortable and angry. Of course it is ridiculous to suppose that his having seen Mr. Lester enter the Moat last Wednesday night was tantamount to accusing him of—murder; yet he need not have told it. He had no business to be slyly waiting there, listening to a woman crying, and no business afterwards to talk about what he had chanced to see while he was spying."

"No; but such a story as his could not affect Mr. Lester in the slightest," said Joy, a bright spot of color coming and going in either cheek.

"I don't know," sighed the elder lady. "It is so easy to misjudge, and things are sometimes so deceiving. I well remember how my mother once put some valuable old lace to bleach on a bush in our garden, and it disappeared on the evening that one of our maids left. For all her life my dear unsuspicious mother felt sure that maid took the lace; and what wonder?—for not until after her death were the ragged remains of it found in an old magpie's nest. My dear, nothing on earth can make a jury immaculate."

"The truth will be known on Mr. Lester's return," said Joy; "and he is sure to come in time."

"I hope so, I hope so; but the inquest is to-morrow, and to-day I do feel so unsettled and anxious. I cannot help it. I dreaded coming out, because everybody invariably asks me whether I believe Mr. Mortimor's story or not. As if I could! And yet no man could invent it, surely! Yet I dreaded staying at home, because Catherine is so dismal. I've been trying to read"—with a deprecating glance at the book in her hand—"but somehow to-day I'm not tempted to dip even into such a standard work as "Helen's Babies," of whom, if the truth may be told in private, I'm just a little tired. Probably a single elderly gentlewoman would tire of them sooner than a parent. Indeed I'm so unpleasant to-day"—with a little catch of her breath, meant to pass for a laugh, as she glanced at her restless little terrier—"that I fall back upon scolding Flip, until his cries of genuine distress pull me up, and then I hate myself for being such a worry. Sometimes it seems a worrying world, my dear; but, at any rate, we know who can make it right. We are all like David—in our heaviness we cannot do without Him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ODDITIES IN NAMES.—A few days after the bombardment of Alexandria I heard a clergyman in a northern church refer with some eloquence to the vigorous action of Admiral Sir "Bow-champ" Seymour.

As it is a familiar characteristic of the human race to make merry over the blunders of their monitors, I was not surprised to see in one of the next day's newspapers a sarcastic allusion to the supposed mal-pronunciation of the worthy divine.

This was too hard. Certainly it is not everyone who knows that the accepted, if not the prevalent, pronunciation of Beauchamp is Beecham.

Another of the same stamp is Cholmondeley. Who can tell by what species of change this ancient and patrician name has lost its sonorous dignity in the common pronunciation Chumley? And yet anyone who did not pronounce it Chulmley or Chumley would, by the initiated, be thought singularly ignorant of English personal nomenclature.

There is, perhaps, some excuse for pronouncing Mainwarning Mannering, because it is merely a different spelling of the same name. But it is impossible to advance a sensible reason why the St. Johns should submit to be Sinjen'd, or the Fitz-Johns to be Fidgen'd, even although such corruptions are freely accepted by the actual holders of the names, many of whom would listen with disfavor to the more euphonious and correct pronunciation.

Other peculiarities of English names may be briefly noticed. Beauclerk or Beauclere is properly sounded Boclare. In Molyneux the "x" is retained; it is likewise sounded in Vaux, but not in Des Vaux, nor in Devereux.

Blount loses the "o," and is sounded Blunt. Dillwyn is pronounced Dillun; Sandys, Sands; Geoghegan Gaygan; and Ruthven, Riven. The second syllable in Waldegrave is dropped, and the sound becomes Wal' grave.

In Berkeley the first "e" is sounded like "a" in "far." The same sound is given to the "a" in such as Ker and Derby. This, however, is a point which frequently awakens vigorous discussion, and it is by no means easy to decide upon which side the verdict should be given.

The name Cowper is pronounced Cooper. This mode was accepted by the poet Cowper, who shows by a rhyme that such was his idea of the sound of his name.

So Irish names, in not a few instances, are a great source of trouble even to the Scots themselves. Majoribanks (it is impossible to say why) becomes Marchbanks; Cockburn is sounded Coburn; Strachan, Strawn; Wemyss, Weems; and Glamis, Glams.

"Z" is a letter that becomes lost in the accepted pronunciation of such Scotch names as Menzies and Dalziel, which are sounded respectively Mynges and Dayel. Perhaps the most puzzling of all Northern names, however, is Colquhoun which must be pronounced Koo-hoon or Ko-hoon.

M. S.

THE SPRITE THRONG.—To protect children from being stolen by any of the sprite throng, ignorant Welsh folk put a knife in the child's cradle when left alone, or a pair of tongs across, but the best preventive of all is baptism. In Friesland a Bible is placed under the child's pillow; in Thuringia the father's breeches are hung against the wall. In China a pair of trousers belonging to the child's father are put on the frame of the bedstead in such a way that the waist hangs downwards; on the trousers a piece of red paper is stuck, having four words written upon it, intimating that all unfavorable influences are to go into the trousers instead of afflicting the little child.

Bric-a-Brac.

SADDLE-MEN.—In Nepaul, India, there is a class of natives who serve as "saddle-men," and take the place of saddle-horses. Strapped around the waist and fitting into the curve of the back is a padded ledge. It is supported vertically by shoulder-straps. The rider rests on the ledge. Ladies of rank in this part of India are carried on "saddle-women," in the same style.

EAVESDROPPERS.—The following account is given of the origin of the term "eaves-dropper." At the revival of Masonry, in 1717, a curious punishment was inflicted upon a man who listened at the door of a Masonic meeting in order to hear its secrets. He was summarily sentenced "to be placed under the eaves of an outhouse while it was raining hard till the water ran in under the collar of his coat and out at his shoes." The penalty was inflicted on the spot, and the name has continued ever since.

THE PITCHER PLANT.—The Island of Borneo has a strange plant called Pitcher Plant. When flies and ants settle upon the edge and begin sipping the honey hidden there, they slip down into the pitcher, which has some water at the bottom. The narrow funnel or the stiff hooks prevent their escape, and they fall into the water. As soon as a fly goes in the water begins to flow from the sides of the pitcher and dissolves the body, forming a kind of soup, which feeds the plants. Sometimes these pitchers are so large that small birds go in to drink and the hooks keep them in, so they die there.

A WONDERFUL HORSE.—London is just now much interested in a wonderful horse at the circus that walks a rope at an elevation of twenty feet above the stage. He does it nightly with sober and serious propriety, exhibiting no nervousness whatever. A strong net is suspended beneath, and he occasionally slips and falls into it. He takes it very coolly, waits until the attendants release him, turns and ascends the steep stairs leading to his rope, and goes on it again with the utmost composure. At the termination of his performance he walks around the ring, puts his feet upon the rim and receives the enthusiastic pettings of the ladies with evident pleasure.

"MUSIC OF THE SPHERES."—Pythagoras was the first who suggested the notion so beautifully expressed by Shakespeare—

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins."
—Merchant of Venice.

Plato says that a siren sits on each planet, who carols a most sweet song, agreeing to the motion of her own particular planet, but harmonizing with the other seven. Another author says that the mere proper motion of the planets must create sounds, and as the planets move at regular intervals the sounds must harmonize.

HOW CHINA GOT ITS NAME.—Upwards of 1100 years before Christ the Chinese were a people ruled by a dynasty of kings, of whom, like the Pharaohs of old, there is no clear history, and not until the "Chow" dynasty, B. C. 1125, is there any clear history of the main Chinese state. The Chinese take their history back to the time of Noah. This very ancient empire has borne in its time many names, for it was a custom when a new dynasty ascended the throne to give another name to the empire, as Hai-que, Chun-que, Han-que, etc., according to the name of the ruling monarch. The true name is said to be Chunique, "the centre kingdom of the world." This term was by usage corrupted to Chin-que, and from this word the Portuguese gave it the name of China. China proper consists of eighteen provinces, containing 250,000,000 people.

FALSE HAIR.—The supply of hair which reaches France from China is so abundant that it can be sold for a dollar a pound; but the finest quality of hair—and the French claim a marked superiority over the rest of the world in this particular—is much dearer. The *chevelure* of a Breton girl cut off the living subject—for otherwise it loses its gloss—may, if very long and fine, be worth $120. Gray hair is held in honor in the hair-market; snow-white hair of uncommon length and quality commands the fabulous price of $2500 a pound. English hair is allowed to stand, in point of quality, second on the list; Germany is assigned the third place; then follow Italy, Belgium, and Sweden. The American buffalo comes last of all; the product which he supplies is the doubly false hair—the imitation of false hair—used for theatrical periwigs.

DAVY JONES' LOCKER.—The following explanation is given of the origin and meaning of the phrase "Davy Jones' Locker," used by seamen. The etymology seems to be rather fanciful, but it may be correct. At any rate it will do until a better theory is found. Sailors call the sea "Davy Jones' Locker," because the dead are thrown there. Davy is a corruption of "duffy," by which name ghosts or spirits are known among the West Indian negroes, and Jones is a corruption of the name of the Prophet Jonah, who was thrown into the sea. Locker, in seaman's parlance, means any receptacle for private stores. So that when a sailor says, "He's gone to Davy Jones' Locker," he means, "He is gone to the place of safe-keeping where duffy Jonah was sent to." Smollett tells us, in "Peregrine Pickle," that, according to the mythology of sailors, this self-same Davy Jones is the fiend that presides over all the evil spirits of the sea, and is seen in various shapes, warning the devoted wretch of death or woe.

BY THE RIVER.

Only the low wind wailing
Among the leafless trees;
Only the sunset paling;
Only grey clouds sailing
Before the western breeze.

The girl beside the river,
With strained ear and tired eye,
Nor saw the crimson quiver,
Nor heard the willows shiver,
As the low wind swept by.

For sight and sense were roaming
Across the barren moor;
Oh, was he never coming,
Through the dull autumn glooming,
As in the days of yore?

Oh, bright blue eyes that glistened,
Oh, happy blush that rose,
Oh, foolish heart that listened,
To the faithless lips that christened
His love the "wife he chose!"

How oft he turned in leaving
For yet another kiss!
How he soothed the girlish grieving,
And swore that no deceiving
Should ever cloud their bliss!

He left when summer sunlight
Was full upon the stream.
He made his truth her one light,
And in the autumn dim light,
She faced her broken dream.

She knew her idol shaken,
She knew her trust was gone.
What hope dead faith can waken?
Betrayed, forgot, forsaken,
The woman stood—alone.

Hushed was the bitter weeping,
As o'er her closed the night;
When dawn on dark was creeping,
The morning breeze was sweeping,
Where broad, and pure, and white,

The lilies swayed to cover
The fair pale face beneath;
Where, pain and passion over,
Freed from a faithless lover,
Sorrow lay hushed in death.

At Cross Purposes.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "PENKIVEL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"AND you've quite made up your mind to accept him, Belle?"

"I have accepted him. Are you getting dull of comprehension, Mary? I've told you half-a-dozen times over that I've accepted him, at least, that is, I've as good as accepted him."

"I can't believe it somehow. I can't realize it; and you mustn't be offended when I say that I can't reconcile myself to the idea, at all."

"You're a privileged person, Mary. I sha'n't be offended whatever you say, only—I wish I could bring you round to my view of the case."

"I oughtn't to be arguing against you, I know. It seems like a reversal of the natural order of things for a prosy old married woman like myself to be pleading the cause of love to a young girl who has made up her mind to a marriage for convenience."

"Don't look so reproachful. I daresay you're thinking me the most mercenary little monster that ever breathed; but I assure you I'm not biased by purely selfish motives in accepting Cyril. I shouldn't feel myself justified in refusing him. In the peculiar position in which we're both placed I don't think either of us would be justified in refusing the other."

The speakers were seated in the drawing-room of a large, picturesque-looking red brick house, standing a little backward from the Reigate Road at Ewell. The lady addressed as "Mary" was a fair, buxom, pretty woman of about five-and-thirty, with mild, kind blue eyes, sunny hair curling all about her forehead, and a very pleasant and sweet mouth.

Her companion was pretty too, though in a strikingly different way. Bright, frank, glancing eyes, clear-cut refined features, dark curling hair, gathered up from the nape of the whitest neck in the world, and coiled on the top of a shapely little head, a complexion that beat the lilies and roses in the adjacent conservatory all to pieces, a graceful yet vigorous form, a firm yet sweet mouth, these were the charms that had earned for their owner the nick-name of "Belle" Cunningham.

Belle, alias "Lena," Cunningham, had been an orphan nearly all her life. Both her parents had been carried off, within a few days of one another, by Roman fever whilst she was yet a mere infant.

Now the uncle, Reginald Clere, who had been constituted her guardian, and with whom she had lived for over twenty years, was dead too; and Belle was left, not actually friendless and penniless, but without a single blood relation to take charge of her, and possessed of a miserable pittance of forty pounds per annum, barely sufficient to keep her from actual penury.

People were vastly curious as to what provisions had been made for Belle Cunningham, on the occasion of her uncle's death, for the old gentleman who, it was well known, had quarrelled with his only child Cyril, had been the owner of a handsome fortune; and under the circumstances it was not unnatural to suppose that Miss Cunningham would come in for the lion's share of the money. Any way, rumor pointed to Miss Cunningham as the heiress; and match-making mammas of marriageable sons were not slow to detect in the young lady a number of virtues that had been quite imperceptible before. But rumor had only got hold of one-half of the truth.

When the contents of Reginald Clere's will became public property, it was found that the old gentleman's fortune (a matter of some sixty thousand pounds) was divided between his son Cyril Clere and his niece Belle Cunningham on condition that the two young people contracted a joint marriage; in default of which, the whole of the money, with the exception of Belle's small annuity of forty pounds, was to be paid over to various London corporations.

The match-making mammas were very angry when they heard about the conditional nature of the will. They were angry with Reginald Clere. They said he had no business to make such a will, called him an unnatural pig-headed old man, and a Jew, because he wanted to keep the whole of the money in his own family. And they were angry with Belle, whom they denounced as an artful, scheming girl; poor Belle, who was about as innocent an agent in the whole affair as the man in the moon. Luckily for Belle she knew nothing about the hard things that were said of her; though had she known all about them it is doubtful whether she would have greatly cared. She was an exceedingly independent and high-spirited young lady.

"In the peculiar position in which we're both placed, I don't think either of us would be quite justified in refusing the other," said Belle.

"Perhaps not, unless of course it was a mutual agreement. But Belle—I should have thought better of your cousin Cyril, if he hadn't shown himself quite so ready to accept the old gentleman's terms. It's bad enough, a woman marrying for money, but in a man that sort of thing is inexcusable. Poor women are often glad enough to accept anyone who can support them, and give them what every woman wants, protection, and a home, but one expects a man to make his own way in life."

"It doesn't seem so easy for a man to do that, though. Look at the number of young men we know who are out of employment at the present moment. Look at Cyril himself! After having been abroad all those years, he comes home without a shilling in his pocket, as you may say. And don't you remember what Algy and Mr. Marston were talking about the other night? about that poor young fellow who pitched himself over Waterloo Bridge, simply because he couldn't get anything to do? Besides, you forget that Cyril would have placed me in a very awkward position if he had shown himself a demurrer. Really, under the circumstances, I don't see very well how he could have backed out of it."

There was silence for some minutes; then Mary Lambert said:

"I wonder what induced your uncle to make such a will. He must have been rather an extraordinary old gentleman, Belle."

"He had a taste for tyranny," the girl replied; "I wasn't in the least surprised when I heard about the will. I said to myself, 'that's Uncle Reggie all over.' Mind you, he was a very kind man, too. He would be kindness itself to anybody who wanted a friend, but he liked to be kind in his own way. I don't think he ever quite forgave Cyril for running off abroad in the way he did."

"Do you know what made him run off abroad?"

"They say he couldn't stand his father's tyrannical ways. And do you know, Mary, I can't help thinking, that there's a little bit of tyranny in this will of Uncle Reggie's. He seemed so pleased when he heard that Cyril was—was unlucky. He did indeed. He seemed quite pleased, I oughtn't to say so, perhaps, but he did."

"Very likely. He must have been an odd man. It was very odd of him to make you promise not to go into mourning for him."

"Wasn't it?"

"And to think that you've never even seen this cousin of yours."

"I shall see him before many hours are over, thanks to you, Mary," the girl replied, with a slight accession to the rich color in her cheek.

"And I hope and trust, dear, that you'll find him a good fellow, and good-looking and all that, and that you'll like him," her friend said, with the air of one very much doubting that fact; "of course it's well that you should marry soon, Belle; you could not go on living on a miserable forty pounds a year, and you seem dreadfully afraid of overstaying your welcome here, but I must say, I wish it had been someone you'd really fallen in love with, I believe in love myself. It's all stuff what they write in books about 'love buried deep in the grave of possession,' and all that. Possession's a very good thing."

"Perhaps we shall fall in love with one another after all, Cyril and I."

"He'll fall in love with you, I've no doubt. But you amaze me, Belle. You take it all so coolly. I suppose that's the result of your French training."

"I always was accustomed to hear my schoolfellows talk of the fiances who had been chosen for them."

Mrs. Lambert sighed.

"Perhaps your uncle went to live in France so that you might get accustomed to the idea," she said; "I must say it seems horrible to me, but then I was always a foolish, sentimental woman to the end of my days. I remember before I used to think that a cottage, or a garret, or even a workhouse cot with Algy as my companion, would be Elysium."

The girl laughed merrily.

"'Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—love forgive us!—cinders—ashes—dust.'"

"I'm afraid I haven't such an exalted notion of love as you have, Mary."

She rose suddenly, stretched herself, glanced through the window, and walked towards the door: "it's just struck six. I expect they'll be here directly," she said, and then disappeared.

Ten minutes later the sound of carriage wheels was heard on the gravel path outside, and Mrs. Lambert got up and went to the front door to receive her husband and his three guests, Cyril Clere, Belle's cousin and fiance, Tom Hickson, a college chum of Algy's, and Archie Duff, a young Scotchman with whom the Lamberts had become acquainted whilst they were on their Continental travels about a month ago. Both the last-named men were good-looking, gentlemanly young fellows; but Cyril Clere was strikingly handsome. Mrs. Lambert was fain to admit as much to herself whilst she was shaking hands with him.

She looked vainly in his face and at his person for any traces of Bohemianism, such as one might not unnaturally expect to find in a young man who had spent the best ten years of his life sheep-farming in the far West.

Young Clere's face was handsome, and delicate almost to effeminacy. His eyes were finely shaped, and fringed by silken lashes. His hands were slender and shapely, and white like a woman's. His figure was slender. Beside Tom Hickson, who stood six-feet-two in his stockings and was proportionately broad, he looked a graceful, slightly-built man.

When the gentlemen had gone up to their respective bedrooms to prepare for the seven o'clock dinner, Mrs. Lambert made haste to confide her impressions of young Clere to her husband.

"I was amazed, Algy," she said. "I never expected to see such a handsome, high-bred face, nor such gentlemanly manners. Why, he might have lived in Belgravia all his life. He looks like one of the curled darlings of society. Belle won't be able to help admiring him. I shouldn't wonder if she regularly falls in love with him. What a handsome couple they'll make."

Algy was unpacking a basket of fruit on the dining-room table, and whistling. He stopped whistling all of a sudden.

"Oh, by-the-by, did that will ever become public property?" he asked.

"How do you mean public property?"

"Did people get to know about the contents of the will?"

"Well, yes, I'm afraid they did," said she. "At least, they got at an inkling of the truth. That's to say, they guessed it. They knew that the money was left to Belle and her cousin, on condition that they married one another, and I suppose they surmised the rest. Why, what made you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. I was only wondering whether the old curmudgeon had any reason of his own for wanting to keep the thing a secret until the two were married."

She was rather shocked that he should speak of a dead person as a "curmudgeon," but there was no time for remonstrances, for just then the servant came in with the dinner-cloth and plate-basket, so she merely said:

"You're not imagining there's any hitch about the will, are you? I assure you he—Mr. Clere—had a highly respectable lawyer to see to it, and read it out, and all that."

"Blow the highly respectable lawyer," said Algy, taking up the empty basket and walking towards the door. Then he stopped short suddenly. "Oh, by-the-by, did I tell you—Duff turns out to be quite a pal of this young Clere's?"

"Archie Duff! you don't mean it?"

"Yes. It seems they were at school together years ago, and they've got intimate again since Clere came back to England."

"Good gracious! What a small place the world is after all, isn't it, Algy?" said Mrs. Lambert.

Meanwhile, Belle was upstairs, engaged in coiling her dark hair before the glass. In spite of her assumed indifference, she was rather tremulous. Her cheeks were much flushed, her heart beat fast, and her hands shook.

She scanned her face in the mirror, looking for defects where there were none. She subjected the different dresses in her wardrobe to a rigid examination, deliberating as to which pretty costume she should put on. Finally she arrayed herself in cream-colored muslin and lace; and fastening a red rose in her belt, she went downstairs into the drawing-room.

The room was empty. Belle walked to the window, which was grouped with flowers and ferns so that it looked like a little conservatory, and stood and looked out. Already the dusk was beginning to fall, for it was the early autumn, and the days were getting short, and the nights long. A thin blue-white mist was stealing over the smooth, rolled lawn. The Gloire de Dijon roses were heavy with dew. The sun had set, but there was a warm glow lingering in the western sky, and little rosy cloudlets were detaching themselves one by one from the great bank of parti-colored clouds, which formed the sun's couch, and drifting slowly away, tiny pink islands on an amber sea.

It was a quiet, peaceful evening, and a quiet, peaceful scene. Far away, down in the valley, they were the red-brick walls and high-peaked roofs of the Epsom College. And farther away still, and lower down, lay the little town of Epsom, with its railway station easily distinguishable by a line of lights; and on the left-hand side, fog-crowned and ghost-like, rose the famous Epsom downs. The shriek of a distant railway-whistle, the occasional roll of cart-wheels, the song of a group of laborers wending their way homewards through the darkening fields, were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

Belle was watching to see the lights gleam out in the college-windows, when she heard voices and footsteps in the hall. The next minute the drawing-room door opened, and Mary Lambert's voice said:

"Oh, here you are. Belle, dear, I want to introduce you to your cousin, Mr. Cyril Clere, Mr. Clere—Miss Belle Cunningham."

CHAPTER II.

A week has passed. Belle Cunningham wears a handsome diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand; and it has been given out to the world generally that the young lady and her handsome cousin are to be married very shortly. Congratulations pour in from all quarters. General opinion is decidedly in favor of the match; and the match-making mammas who have spoken opprobriously of Belle Cunningham find themselves in a minority. Even Mrs. Lambert, with her sentimental notions about love-matches, and her sentimental objections to marriages for convenience, has begun to recant. She never says one word against poor old Reginald Clere now.

When her husband charges her roundly with being a turncoat, she retorts by thanking Heaven, after the manner of the Pharisee, that she is not as some people are—blind, and slow of comprehension.

"One would think you hadn't got any eyes in your head, my poor Algy," she says compassionately: "do you mean to tell me you can't see that they're falling in love with one another?"

"I see that you're doing your best to make them fall in love with one another," says he, "but I can tell you I came upon the two last night after you'd manœuvred to leave them alone together in the library, and, by Jove! of all the gloomy-looking couples! I think they were talking about the soil and productiveness of Ewell."

"Well, there's nothing very wonderful in that," she said, with rather a crest-fallen air; "you know how fond Belle is of flowers. I shouldn't wonder if she's in the garden now" (it was about 7.30 a.m. and the Lamberts were in the bedroom dressing for breakfast): "she often gets out to pick the roses before breakfast. I'll look and see if I can see anything of her."

Algy Lambert had just plunged his hands into a washhand basin full of rain water when he heard a stifled cry; and looking round, saw his wife supporting herself with one hand upon the toilet-table, while with the other she grasped the edge of the Venetian window-blind. Her face was pale.

"What is it?" he cried, catching hold of a towel, and hurrying to the rescue. He well knew her terror of wasps.

"No, it isn't a wasp," she gasped; "no. Oh, Algy, I couldn't—if anybody had told me—but you look. Look in the garden. Look down there."

Algy lifted one of the shutters of the blind, and applied his eye to the aperture.

There was Belle in the garden below, standing beside the flower-bed where the sun-flowers grew. Tom Hickson was with her, his uncovered head on an exact level with the tallest sunflower in the garden.

"Well, what the deuce—I don't see—Belle and Hickson are having a stroll in the garden, I suppose; that's all," cried Algy.

"He kissed her hand just now," gasped his wife, "I saw him do it. Oh, Algy, and right in front of all the windows, and the coach-house window too. Look! look! He's going to do it again. She's holding out her hand!"

Sure enough, Belle was extending one of her hands to the young man, who bent his head and touched the slender white fingers with his lips.

Apparently this sight was more than Mrs. Lambert could bear to look upon. She dropped the blind, and sunk down into a chair beside the toilet-table.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" she cried breathlessly. "What on earth can Belle be thinking about?"

Even Algy Lambert, who always made a point of never being surprised at anything, looked startled. But presently he began to laugh.

"It's the way with all you women," said he. "I shall have to give Belle a hint to carry on her flirtations in a more private spot."

This roused his wife.

"I hope, Algy, that you won't insult Belle by doing anything of the kind," said she; "I daresay there was some—some reason for what we saw. I don't believe Belle would flirt or do anything of that kind now."

She defended her absent friend warmly; but it was clear that the little tableau in the garden had disturbed her.

"How fresh you look this morning, Belle," she said to the girl as soon as the little party was assembled round the breakfast-table; "have you been out in the garden after the roses?"

Belle replied pointing to a big jar of roses on the chiffonier.

"Mr. Hickson helped me gather them," she said, looking at her hostess with a frank direct glance; "it was lovely in the garden early this morning, Mary. Oh, by-the-by,

I was going to tell you about a discovery we made, Mr. Hickson and I——"

"A discovery you made, you mean," said Tom Hickson; "I can't claim——"

"What discovery was that, Belle?" cried Algy Lambert, passing the girl a cup of coffee.

"Why, it was about sunflowers. We were looking at the sunflowers, admiring their height and the size of the flowers, when I remarked to Mr. Hickson what a quantity of honey there was in the centre of one of them; and then I touched it, and carried some of the honey off on my fingers and tasted it, and it wasn't honey after all, it was—guess what it was."

"Sure I don't know. Wax, perhaps."

"No, not wax. Guess again."

"Give it up, Belle."

"Well, it was turpentine. I said it tasted like turpentine, and I made Mr. Hickson taste it, and he said it was turpentine."

"Turpentine!" cried four different voices in four different keys. Mrs. Lambert was thinking to herself—"then Tom Hickson wasn't kissing Belle's hand, after all."

"That must be why it's considered so healthy to have sunflowers about a garden," observed Cyril Clere.

"Is it considered healthy to have sunflowers about a garden?" said Belle.

"Undoubtedly it is, especially in any damp or marshy places. The sunflower acts as an absorbent."

"Then the sunflower does double duty. It's useful as well as ornamental."

"You should see the sunflowers in Mexico and Peru. Some of them are more than twenty feet high, and I've seen blossoms quite two feet in diameter."

"They're very handsome flowers. What's it a symbol of—the sunflower? Does anybody know?"

"False riches, Miss Cunningham," replied Archie Duff, seeing that his friend Clere was at a loss for an answer; "because don't you see, gold, of which the sunflower is so suggestive, cannot of itself, however abundant it may be, make anybody truly rich."

Belle happened to be glancing across the table at the moment, and her eyes met Tom Hickson's, point blank. Much to her annoyance, she felt the blood rush to her face.

"What are you gentlemen going to do this morning?" cries Mrs. Lambert suddenly; "are you going out with the guns as usual?"

"I think so," her husband replied, "we may as well take advantage of the weather whilst it lasts. You'd better meet us somewhere later on, you and Belle."

"All right. What do you say, Belle dear? Shall we do that?"

Belle happened to be seized with a sneezing fit just at the moment, and Mrs. Lambert took advantage of the girl's temporary retirement behind her pocket-handkerchief to glance at the young men who might naturally be supposed to feel a personal interest in her reply.

But Cyril Clere was busy dismembering a cold roasted chicken, and his handsome face was innocent of expression. She glanced from him to Archie Duff. Archie Duff was looking politely interested; just as any guest who had no personal interest in the matter might be expected to look. Then she glanced at Tom Hickson. Ah! here was one who was genuinely interested! Tom had paused in the act of lifting his coffee-cup to his lips, and was looking at Belle eagerly, and even anxiously, waiting for her reply.

"I hope we shall have the pleasure of your company, Miss Cunningham," said young Duff.

Belle assented.

"We'll turn up with the luncheon, won't we Mary? and then we shall be sure of a welcome."

Tom Hickson had been used to shoulder his gun at an age when most lads are thinking about distinguishing themselves in the cricket-field, and he was considered to be a crack shot; but he made a mess of it somehow, that day. He blazed, and blazed, and that was all. The patridges had the best of it so far as he was concerned. Algy Lambert began to rally him.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Tom? You don't seem to have any stomach for the fray."

They were scrambling through a hedge at the time; the other men were a little in advance.

"My hand's shaky. I'm afraid I took entirely too much coffee at breakfast," Tom replied.

Algy stared at him.

"Never knew coffee to make you miss a bird before," said he; "you'll have to look to your laurels, old fellow, if you don't want this young Clere to cut you out. He's a cleverish chap, this Clere. Who'd have thought that those lily-white hands of his could have handled a gun in the way they do? And he's a good voice too! Did you hear him singing in the drawing-room last night when we went out to feed the dogs?"

"I heard him," said Tom shortly. He was very nearly saying, "I heard the confounded puppy."

The morning was cold, and clear, and bright. There were no autumn mists about, there was no langourous warmth in the air, for a strong, easterly wind had sprung up, and far overhead, in the deep blue sky, black rainy clouds were hurrying at intervals.

"I don't much like the look of the sky," Algy said to his wife half-an-hour later, when the two two ladies were busy dispensing the contents of a big hamper. "It's a pity you sent the dog-cart home, as it turns out. I think we shall have a rattling storm of rain by-and-by."

"We've brought our ulsters and umbrellas and things, so we're prepared for the wrath of Jupiter Pluvius," cried Belle lightly. "Let me see, Cyril, I think you said you'd take some claret, did you not?"

"Thanks, yes, claret. But, my dear Belle, I don't like to see you ladies waiting upon us in this kind of fashion. Let me ——"

"Nonsense! Do sit still."

She had dropped on one knee beside her cousin, who was lounging back on the soft turf, with his felt cap tilted over his eyes.

"I like waiting on people, it's fun."

She poured out a glass of red wine and handed it to him. "I think I should turn waiting-maid, if I had to earn my own living," she said laughingly, and then the next minute she could have bitten her tongue out, because of the idle words. She flushed up, and rising hastily, went and bent over the hamper, pretending to be hunting about for something, as an excuse for keeping her tell-tale face hidden. She could feel, without looking at him, that Tom Hickson's eyes were firmly fixed on her.

"Those Roman chaps had an excellent notion of enjoying themselves," observed Archie Duff, with the good-natured intention of covering the girl's embarrassment, which was obvious enough to everyone present. "When I was a boy at school, I used to think they must have been a lazy set of beggars, but I never knew before how pleasant it is to lie stretched at full length on a soft, springy couch, and have all one's wants supplied by fair hands, such as yours, Miss Cunningham."

"I think we ought to call Belle 'Hebe,'" remarked Algy Lambert; "I'm sure she looks like a Hebe."

"And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven," murmured young Duff, as Belle came and filled his glass for him.

Young Duff was looking at his friend Clere, with curiosity, and some secret indignation. Why did he, the girl's accepted suitor, leave it to other men to make her pretty speeches, and pay her compliments, and so forth? He had accepted the situation, and was he not bound to fulfil his part of the compact? It was true he was attentive to her in a fashion; he gathered her flowers, he seated himself beside her at meal-times, he never helped himself to any delicacy at table without first inviting her to partake of it with him; he made a point of asking her to play and sing, and was assiduous in praising her performances, etc., but—some lines of Tom Moore's recurred to Archie Duff:

"Love will never bear enslaving;
Summer garments suit him best;
Bliss itself is not worth having,
If we're by compulsion blest."

Splash, down came a great drop of rain, as big as a penny-piece; and then another, and then another. They were harbingers of the storm that was coming. Everybody sprang up.

"It may be only a shower," cried Lambert; "our best plan will be to squat down by that hedge there, and hold the ladies' umbrellas over them. Now, then, girls, what have you done with your wraps and things?"

The rain came down in torrents after that—steady, straight, drenching rain. In less than five minutes the deep ruts in the country roads were filled to overflowing, and the landscape was shrouded in a veil of water.

"We shall get nice colds, and rheumatism, and neuralgia, by to-morrow morning," said Mary Lambert, contentedly. She was sitting nestled close to her husband, who was protecting her as well as he could with a big umbrella.

"Where's Belle? I hope she's managed to get some shelter," said he.

"Belle's all right. Mr. Clere is looking after her," replied his wife complacently.

She was thinking the shower was rather a pleasant shower than otherwise. If it had done nothing else, it had given the affianced couple the chance of a quiet *tete-a-tete*.

Snatches of the affianced couple's conversation came borne on the strong north-easterly wind.

"I think the passage you refer to is in Mill's 'Analysis of the Human Mind.'"

"Oh, is it? I was laboring under the impression that it was one of George Henry Lewes'."

Then the wind veered round suddenly, and carried the words in the opposite direction.

The wind was blowing a hurricane now. The sky was of a leaden hue. The angry clouds that had been rolling up from the horizon had spread over the entire face of the heavens, and there was every immediate prospect of a soaking wet afternoon and evening.

"It's no use staying here any longer. This rain means to keep on," said Algy, at last; "we'd better get home before the roads become impassable."

But it was not an easy matter by any manner of means, that getting home. Poor Mrs. Lambert's equanimity quite forsook her. She complained bitterly because her umbrella had to be lowered on account of the wind. She was half inclined to be cross with Belle, because the girl laughed and made a joke of the whole affair, as though she rather enjoyed splashing about in the rain.

"Just look at Belle," Algy said to his wife, *sotto voce*; "she looks all the better for this buffeting about in the wind and rain. Her cheeks are as red as your bonnet-strings."

Oddly enough, Tom Hickson was thinking the same thing. Belle, in her natty, tight-fitting grey cloth ulster, with a coachman's cape reaching down to the waist, and a grey cap nestling on her curly, dark hair; her cheeks delicately flushed, her lips red and smiling, her eyes as black as sloes, and the rain-drops coursing one another over the smooth oval of her face. Belle was a sight to make an old man young.

Contrary to general expectation, the wind dropped at about 7.30 p. m., the rain ceased, the clouds broke up suddenly and rolled away, and then the moon rose full and bright over a watery world. It was a desolate scene outside: the wide meadows lying ankle-deep in water, the smooth-rolled lawn strewn over with branches and twigs that had been rent from some of the less sturdy trees, the delicate-stemmed border-flowers all battered and beaten down by the wind and the rain; but indoors, in the drawing-room, it was pleasant enough. The pretty room was softly lighted by lamps shaded in red; flowers and ferns lent a fragrance to the air, and there was melody besides. Belle, at the piano was singing snatches of songs and playing little bits of airs; now it was a merry tune from Madame Angot, now a bit of Mendelssohn, now a French song, and anon one of the old English ballads. She seemed to be too restless to sing or play anything straight through. By-and-by, when Mary Lambert had taken her place at the piano, she slipped out of the room and went and opened the front door very gently, and stood on the doorstep, looking out upon the moonlit night. She wanted to be by herself just then. She wanted to think out the peculiar position in which she was placed quite quietly. She felt restless, and she wanted to argue herself out of her restlessness. Why was it that the bonds of this engagement, into which she had entered with so much apparent cordiality, were beginning to press upon her now? Was she disappointed in her cousin? Had she expected—hoped to fall in love with him? Belle, who had assuredly indulged in no roseate visions of the kind, would willingly have persuaded herself that it was disappointment because her cousin had failed to make her fall in love with him, that was oppressing her spirit;

"But to her heart, her heart was voluble
Paining with eloquence her balmy side."

The drawing-room door opened. Somebody had passed out to the hall, and was coming towards her. She looked up. It was Tom Hickson. She could see the glad light that sprang into his eyes when he caught sight of her; and her heart began to beat fast. A vague feeling of alarm took possession of her. She plucked a rose from one of the bushes that were trained to climb up the sides of the house, and began to dismember the flower, petal by petal, just as an excuse for keeping her eyes lowered. She wished she were back again in the warm, sweetly-scented drawing-room.

But there was nothing in the least alarming in Tom's manner. He came and stood by her side, and commenced talking quite matter-of-factly about the aspect of the moonlit garden and the probable extent of the storm's damages. They might have remained talking thus for some little while, but Mrs. Lambert happened to miss the two young people, and came out to look for Belle.

"My dear child, are you mad?" she cried. "Oh, Belle, standing out here, and nothing on your head! Come into the drawing-room. You'll catch your death of cold."

"Nonsense, Mary. The night is glorious. And you know I never catch cold," the girl said. She turned and followed Mary Lambert into the drawing-room.

"What were you and Mr. Hickson talking about on the door-step, Belle?" Mary Lambert said to her, privately, when the two ladies were lighting their bedroom candles preparatory to retiring for the night; "you looked as though you were flirting like anything. You must beware of Tom Hickson, though, my dear. He's an awfully nice fellow, a nice, dear, *good* fellow, and I'm very fond of him as you know, but he's a terrible flirt. Besides, there's been some talk about his being engaged to a girl living in Warwickshire, so it wouldn't be quite fair if you were to go and unsettle him now, would it?"

Belle flushed scarlet. The little hand that was shading the flame of her bedroom candle shook visibly. For the first time in her life she felt an impulse of anger towards her kind friend.

"You're mistaken if you fancy that I was flirting with Mr. Hickson," she said, coldly; "good-night, Mary."

And then she turned and walked up the stairs with a rending pain at her heart.

CHAPTER III.

"WHY, you don't look much like a bridegroom-elect, Cyril, my boy," cried Archie Duff, appearing suddenly in the smoking-room, where young Clere was seated alone, moodily smoking the cigar in which he ordinarily indulged before retiring to rest.

Apparently young Clere was in no mood for conversation.

"Don't I?" said he, laconically.

"Don't you? No, you don't." Duff fetched a chair and sat down opposite his friend. "I want to have a little quiet talk with you, old fellow. You know what about."

"Hanged if I do!"

"Pshaw, my dear boy. Don't let us waste any time in fencing. I want to ask you a few questions about your engagement."

Cyril shifted uneasily in his chair.

"What do you want to know about my engagement, Archie? That's a subject I don't care to discuss with anybody," said he.

"With anybody but me. I know you don't mind talking about it to me. Come, Cyril, don't be rusty; I'm deuced sorry to see your good fortune disagree with you in this way."

Cyril Clere puffed at his cigar for some minutes in silence; then he took the weed out of his mouth and said—

"You mean well, old chap, I know, but I wish to Heaven you wouldn't talk about my good fortune."

"I wish to Heaven you could look upon it in that light."

"I shall never do that."

"And yet this young lady—your cousin—is charming enough to turn any man's head."

"I should think her charms enough if I wasn't engaged to her. Aren't you going to have a cigar?"

"No, not to-night. I say, what a pity it is Miss Cunningham couldn't have fallen in love with some other fellow. Then she might have been willing to release you, don't you know, and you'd have been free to marry—well—anybody you liked."

A not unnatural suspicion crossed Cyril Clere's mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JUDGED BY THE EYES.—When the eyebrows are far from each other at their starting-point between the eyes, they denote warmth, frankness, and impulse—a generous and unsuspicious nature. A woman or man having such eyebrows would never be causelessly jealous. Eyebrows, on the contrary, which meet between the eyes in the manner so much admired by the Persians denote a temperament ardent in love, but jealous and suspicious.

Eyebrows somewhat higher at their starting-point, and which pass in a long sweeping line over the eyes, drooping slightly downward at their termination, show artistic feeling and great sense of beauty in form. The Empress Eugenie's eyebrows are of this form, which gives a sweet and wistful expression to the face, and which some old writers have asserted to be the sign of a violent death.

Eyebrows lying very close to the eyes, forming one direct clear line on strongly defined eyebones having the same form, show strength of will and extreme determination of character. This sort of eyebrow appears on the bust of Nero; but then its indications of determination are deepened with cruelty by the massive jaw and the development of the cheek-bone by the ear. This form of eyebrow in conjunction with other good indications would mean only constancy in affection and power of carrying out a project despite all difficulties.

Eyebrows that are strongly marked at the commencement, and that terminate abruptly without sweeping past the eyes, show an irascible and impatient nature.

Eyebrows slightly arched show sensitiveness and tenderness of nature; but eyebrows that are so much arched as to give the appearance of being raised in astonishment give an indication of a weak and silly nature completely without originality or will power.

Eyebrows that are straight at their commencement and are gently arched as they reach the temples show a pleasant combination of firmness of purpose and tenderness of heart.

Eyebrows that are very much raised at their termination, so as to leave much space between them and the corners of the eyes, denote a person who is totally deficient in the science of figures, whilst eyebrows which lie close to the eye at their termination show mathematical talents.

When the hair of the eyebrows is ruffled and growing in contrary directions, it denotes an energetic, easily irritated nature, unless the hair of such eyebrows is fine and soft (a combination sometimes, but not often, seen), in which case this ruffled growth would only indicate an ardent but tender disposition.

When the eyebrows are formed of short hairs, all lying closely together and leaning one way, it is a very decisive sign of a firm mind, and good, unerring perceptions.

Eyebrows that bend downward close to the eyes, so as almost to meet the eyelashes when they are raised, denote tenderness and melancholy. The beautiful statue of Antinous has this form of eyebrow.

Angular, strong, and sharply interrupted eyebrows close to the eyes always show fire and productive activity. I have never seen a profound thinker with weakly marked eyebrows, or eyebrows placed very high on the forehead. Want of eyebrow almost always indicates a want of mental and bodily force. The nearer the eyebrows are to the eyes, the more earnest, deep, and firm the character; the more remote from the eyes, the more volatile and less resolute the nature.

Eyebrows lighter than the hair show a weakness and indecision. Eyebrows much darker than the hair denote an ardent and passionate but somewhat inconstant temperament.

Eyebrows the same color as the hair show firmness, resolution, and constancy; but in judging of the eyebrows it must be remembered that if form and color give different indications, the *form* (as this also means that of the brow) gives the most important indication, the color and texture of the eyebrow being secondary to its *position* as regards the eyes and forehead.

MR. MINKS: "My dear, you should not put coins in your mouth, for diseases are often caught in that way." "Well, I'm sure I'm in no danger from the money you give me," replied Mrs. Minks. "And why not, pray?" "Because you always squeeze a quarter hard enough to crush all animal life out of it before you part with it."

THE OTHER SHORE.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

The mariner may picture well
  The scenes which met his watchful gaze—
Of other lands the marvels tell
  Which in his memory live always.
But barks upon life's fitful wave
  That press on to the misty shore—
And where each port's a silent grave—
  They list our eager quest no more.

And from that shore no bark returns
  To say where rests their precious load,
Altho' the smitten bosom yearns
  To learn aught of the soul's abode,
Here Science pleads unwise and dumb
  Nor can the hazy gloom dispel.
Then, whence may light inspiring come,
  Since death his secret guards so well?

And is life's lamp quenched in the tomb—
  Were love, and hope born to decay?
Nay, Faith's bright eye breaks thro' the gloom
  And feasts on realms of endless day.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXXIII—(CONTINUED.)

"I THINK we all understand our positions," continued Sheldrake, looking round.

Pannell nodded, and sent a large puff of smoke towards the ceiling.

"We can let the poor begger have a pipe," he said, quietly.

"Pipe, cigars, wine, in fact, everything he likes to ask for, eh, doctor?—except liberty."

"Certainly," replied Mewburn, with an unpleasant grin; "and I shall, you may surely depend, spare no pains in bringing my dear patient quite to his proper senses."

"To be sure you will, doctor, and, I am quite sure, before very long. Meals shall be supplied at proper hours. His digestion need not be studied, eh, doctor?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"Wouldn't bother him early this morning after the journey."

"Then it was last night," thought Range.

"And now he would, I am sure, feel better for being alone, eh, doctor?"

"Yes. Quiet is indispensable."

"Then, my dear Jack, will you kindly ——I'll lift away the tray."

Sheldrake removed the breakfast things to the table, while, laying down his pipe, Pannell approached the bed, and laid his broad hand upon Range's chest.

"Now, colonel," he said, "lie down!"

Range's eyes flashed with resentment. They were going to bind him again, he thought, and thrusting the hand away he forgot all his mental plans of waiting and meeting trick with trick.

It was a vain effort; secured as he was by the strap about his waist and those over his legs, he was comparatively helpless, and Pannell had an easy victory as he threw himself forward, driving Range back, and lying across his chest.

"Tie those sleeves!" said the great fellow, gruffly; and it was done, Range, the next minute, being as helpless as a babe.

"A little excitable, doctor," said Sheldrake, finishing the tying on his side.

"Yes, but he'll soon come round," said Mewburn, finishing his side tightly

"No use to kick, colonel," said Pannell, rising slowly. "We're too many for you now."

Five minutes after the slatternly maid came, in obedience to a summons, and fetched the tray, staring round-eyed and open-mouthed at Range.

Then his visitors left him, and he was alone with the iron-barred windows, the ivy strands, the spider, and his thoughts.

"Where am I?" said Range to himself. "In what part of the country? I must be close to Sir Harry's. If I could only let him know!

"The clever scoundrels! But, clever as they are, I'll be too much for them, in spite of their plans."

Then he recalled the fact that John Pannell's wife was in the same house with him and he remembered her threats.

"Pish!" he muttered, after a little thinking. "She is a woman, and after the first burst of anger will be ready to help me out of this scrape."

"I don't know though," he added. "She is one of the gang, and she is not Pannell's sister, or I might be able to deal with her."

He lay there for about an hour, thinking, and at times hardly able to realise the truth of his position.

The place was wonderfully still, and when there was a sound in the house it seemed so strange and far off that he felt that the place must be large.

Three times over there was a strange rushing and rumbling noise that puzzled him, till he realized that it was a train, and this set him thinking again as to where he could be. Sir Harry's place was seven miles from the nearest railway, and so he must be at least that distance from his friends.

"Well," he said, at last, "here I am, a regular prisoner, just as they used to make them in the good old times, and I suppose I'm held to ransom; but if they reckon upon getting it I'm afraid they will be disappointed. Now, then, how to get away. Let me see. I've been in worse fixes than this with Uncle Wash many a time, so no! des. I'm going to get away from here. Hallo!"

His musings and plannings were interrupted by a curious knocking noise against the wainscot or skirting-board of the next room, and after listening to it for a few minutes he was puzzled.

"There must be a fellow-prisoner there," he thought, and he wondered all the while at the cool manner in which he seemed to be taking his position. "The wall must be quite thin—panelled, I suppose. Is it really meant for signals? Pooh! how absurd! Why, it's somebody sweeping the room."

Just then a pleasant musical voice burst out in a quaint West-country ditty on the old, old theme; and Range lay listening to the words and the thumps given by the broom against the skirting-board.

"Here! hi! hallo!" he cried, at last, and song and sweeping came to an end at once.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LADY FANSHAW'S THREAT.

CARLEIGH grew calmer as the days went by, but to his annoyance he found that Alice avoided him. Try how he would he could not obtain an interview, for she was pitifully weak and ill, and Sir Harry was constant in his attendance upon her.

For some days she did not leave her room and all that time Carleigh was in great agony lest, in a fit of remorse, she should confess.

"If I could get at her I would strengthen her with a few words," he thought; but he dared not write, though a dozen times over he went into the library for the purpose, and by an odd coincidence, when he did so, Sir Harry was there, and more fatherly and affectionate than ever.

He turned to Judith for a resource, forcing himself to forget the haunting dread of discovery that always tortured him; but Judith obstinately refused to be tete-a-tete with him so pointedly that his brow grew damp, and he asked himself whether she could suspect anything that she shrank from him as she did.

"Suspicion of my own," he said, as he saw Judith go to her uncle's side and sit and read to him, devoting herself to him as constantly as Sir Harry did his time to Lady Fanshaw.

A dozen or more times over, Carleigh determined to go abroad, and he even went so far as to begin packing; but no; he dare not.

"She could not be trusted," he said, wiping his dewy face; "I must stay and watch her. My presence will act as a seal to her lips. Weak woman is very weak when there is no one by to guide."

It was getting rapidly on towards the first of September, and Sir Harry was eagerly looking forward to the day on his ward's account. Partridges formed the subject of conversation in the billiard-room, with Sam Burton summoned and questioned as to the prospects of sport; and as the days glided by Carleigh grew more at ease.

He was ready to start nervously when one evening, over the wine, Sir Robert said that it was rather strange that Range had never written, and Sir Harry said, very haughtily, that Mr. Range could please himself.

That night Lady Fanshaw had been down to dinner, looking pale and statuesque. She too had started when Carleigh had spoken to her gently and in sympathetic tones, while, when he at last found an opportunity in the drawing-room, he said, softly:

"You are better now, I am glad to see. It was a great shock to your nerves, but you must bear it like a woman of the world. Let me see you to-morrow."

He left her directly, for he saw that Judith's eyes were fixed upon him; but he did not fail to notice Lady Fanshaw's look of horror, and he strolled out into the garden to calm himself down.

He waited about the next morning, declining Sir Harry's invitation to ride out with him and Sir Robert, thinking that Alice would be sure to take advantage of the opportunity, and be waiting out on the grounds.

To his great delight, when the prancing horses came round, he saw a third with side-saddle.

For a few minutes he felt in doubt lest it might be for Lady Fanshaw, but, on crossing the hall, he saw Judith coming down, looking very charming in her riding habit and soft felt hat, though the bright, merry look seemed to have passed away, and she had grown serious of mien.

This seemed suspicious to Carleigh, in his peculiar frame of mind; so did her coldness of manner; but he assumed an easy-going lightness of speech as he chatted to her till Sir Harry and Sir Robert came from the library.

"What a fellow you are, George!" said Sir Harry, aside, to his ward. "Why don't you get a horse and come? We shall take the Brackley road, and we'll go slowly till you overtake us. You are neglecting Judy horribly."

"Not this morning," replied Carleigh. "I'm a bit feverish. A little touch of what I caught at the Cape."

"There, I said so to my brother. Let me ask Murray to come and see you."

"Nonsense! Oh, no! I shall be all right to-morrow. I am better to-day, and if I get doctoring I shall be stopped for the First. No, no, I shall just rest a while, and it will go off."

"But, my dear boy, you have been out of sorts ever since Range left us so suddenly. That night, you know. I saw the change in you next morning."

"Oh! it's a mere nothing," said Carleigh forcing a smile. "I shall be better. I am better. I won't doctor now."

"You feel like getting over it, my dear boy?"

"Oh, yes! much better."

"And you promise me that if you are not right in a day or two you will have advice?"

"Certainly. There, the thought of having the doctor has made me feel better already. Ah! you might have let me do that Sir Robert."

"You are always behind with her, George," said Sir Harry, reproachfully, as his attention was called by the captain's words to Judith being helped into the saddle.

Carleigh's eyes flashed with satisfaction as he saw the party ride off; and as soon as they had passed out of sight he went to the other side of the house and walked up and down on the lawn for a few times, humming loudly a few scraps of one of the duets he had been in the habit of singing with Alice, and then, in full view of her window he walked gently down the garden, stopping here and there as if examining the flowers.

"She will come to-day," he said to himself, for a feeling of certainty inspired the words, and the feverish color came into his cheeks as his thoughts ran upon the horror of their last meeting, though they were mingled with a kind of triumph as he felt that the bond that bound them now was too strong to be broken.

"She has more real courage than I gave her credit for," he thought. "She is not so weak a woman as I used to believe. So much the better; and when at last she leaves him in obedience to my will—for she is mine——"

He paused, for on the other side of the thick yew hedge that separated the lawn, where he was walking, from the flower-garden, he heard voices.

Only those of the Scotch gardener, Macpherson, and one of his men; but the words seemed almost to turn Carleigh to stone.

"I've never made out what become of that spade, Tom," said Macpherson.

"Ay, it be strange," said the man addressed. "It weer hinging oop i' toolhaus, I'll tek my oath it was, for I putt it theer mysen."

Carleigh did not stop to hear more, but went away with his heart beating, and thinking of how often a murder had been discovered through some trivial thing of that kind.

"Curse the spade!" he said to himself; and as he walked about he determined to get a small thin saw, one of those used by carpenters for cutting curves, and easily carried inside the coat. With this he could go some day and saw the handle off close to the block of the stone that held it down.

"I could burn the handle then," he argued, "and then there will be no fear of its being found."

As it was, he felt that at any time Macpherson and his men might come upon it when making some alteration at Sir Harry's wish. And how near they had been to finding it already he shuddered to think.

He sauntered here and there for quite a couple of hours, but there was no sign of Alice, and at last, unable to resist the attraction that drew him there, he took the path that led to the Wilderness, passed through the rustic gate, and was half way down towards the little landslip when he saw, just before him, seated upon a twig, the same large-eyed robin watching him intently.

He started violently as he saw the bird flit from its perch and go down by the bridge and settle, waiting, apparently, for him to join it.

"What a coward and idiot I am growing!" he said to himself. "I shall take to believing next in metempsychosis, and that fellow's soul is in the bird."

He roused himself and went over the bridge, but altered his mind, and came back to go down the little fern-hung track by the water, following the tiny stream that flowed round the great block of stone and soil that he had brought down. They were already brightened by the shrubs and plants Sir Harry had ordered there, while just at the turn, in a sheltered corner, looking right up into the wood, he had had a rustic seat fixed in the niche of rock facing the slip.

Carleigh walked slowly on, watching the changes in the place, and feeling satisfied that there was not the slightest likelihood now of a discovery of the crime, when a slight rustle made him start, and he uttered an exclamation, half of wonder, half of joy, as he saw Alice shrinking back in a corner of his seat as if in the hope of his passing her unseen.

"At last!" he cried, hurrying to her side. "I knew that you would come."

"Don't touch me!" she cried, hoarsely; and her eyes were fixed upon him with a horror he could not misinterpret.

"Oh, nonsense! Alice—my own love!" he whispered, passionately; and he caught her hand in his.

It was but for a moment, and then she had snatched it away, and made a blow at him as she would have struck at some poisonous reptile.

"I say, don't touch me!" she cried again, hoarsely.

"How can you be so foolish?" he whispered, very soothingly. "There, I am not angry. You have struck me. If a man had done that it might have caused him his death."

"As it caused the death of the poor fellow who lies there," she cried.

"Hush! hush!" he hissed. "Are you mad?"

"No," she said, sternly; and as he gazed at her he thought she had never looked so beautiful before. "I was mad, but now I am sane."

"Alice I love!" he whispered, "bear with me—be sensible. I could not help it. It was my life or his. It was that or utter destruction. You do not know—you do not think of what I suffer."

"You suffer!" she cried, scornfully. "What are your sufferings to mine?"

"Well, we both suffer in our love," he whispered, as he again tried to catch her hand in his, but without success.

"Oh love!" she echoed. "Our hate!"

"You have struck me; now you are piercing me with your cruel words," he whispered. "I knew you would come, and now you must—you shall hear me."

"Come?" she said, "here? I chose this awful place, the scene of my crime and yours, because I felt that you would shun it."

"But my instinct told me that the woman I love would be here, and I came. Alice, darling, no more of this folly. We are alone. We can now decide upon our future. Listen to me—my own!"

"Our future!" she said, bitterly. "I have decided upon mine."

"And you will leave here with me?"

"Answer me," she said. "Why have you not fled from this scene of my degradation—of your crime?"

"Fled? Without you!" he echoed.

"I'll tell you," she continued, ignoring his words. "You feared that I should, in my abject weakness, betray your terrible secret; that I should reveal it in some hysterical fit of terror."

"Well, yes," he said, smiling grimly. "I confess I did fear that, till I had seen you and strengthened you by what I meant to say."

"Have no fear," she said, coldly. "I was a weak, foolish girl then. I did not realize my life. Now I am a woman—a stern woman who can be trusted."

"And more beautiful than ever," he whispered. "Alice, I do trust you as I love you more than I can say. Now listen."

"Now listen to me, cold, selfish, black-hearted traitor! I meant to meet you ——"

"To call me cruel names like this. Well, I'll bear them," he said; "the reconciliation will be more sweet."

"—To meet you and tell you how I have awakened from my silly girlish liking for your base flatteries. I did not realize the the precipice by whose side I walked till declared yourself as you did—till you showed me the blackness of your vile heart. Now, I thank God, I see you in your true light as the would-be traitor—the traitor in heart to the man whose tender, chivalrous love for you has been that of a father."

"Oh, Alice! my darling!"

"Silence, wretch!" she cried. "Hear what I have to say. We cannot undo that sin—we cannot bring that poor fellow to life; but we can repent."

"Repent for slaying a miserable spy in self-defence!"

"Spy? A man who was ready to defend my honor for my husband's sake."

"Pish! These are heroics."

"Listen to me," she continued. "I go to my husband humbly, in the patient hope that a life of devotion may do something to atone for my share in your crime. As for you—you will leave this place, never to enter it again."

"Yes," he said, "with you."

"With me? Man, I tell you that I would not have believed a woman could have had such loathing and hatred for one of God's creatures here on earth. You talk to me of love, of making me the companion of your flight—you, the cruel, remorseless wretch who could commit that crime and then go, calm and smiling, to Judith Nesbitt's side and talk to her of her lover's absence!"

"They say that walls have ears," he said, fiercely. "There may be other listeners among these trees. Do you wish me to do some other deed to prove my devotion—to save your good name?"

She shuddered.

"No," she said, bitterly. "I wish you to leave this place, to cease to torture me with the horror of your presence."

"Then you are afraid that I shall triumph. Alice, you love me."

"Love you!" she said, fiercely. "I love my husband, and I know it now—his generous, noble heart—him, so brave and true!—and it is because I know that it would kill him to find that the woman he has worshipped as an idol is the despicable, guilty wretch I am, that I refrain from telling him all. I would spare him, too, the knowledge that his adopted son is a man utterly devoid of honor, and a murderer."

"Mind what you are saying," he cried, fiercely.

"I know what I am saying, and I bid you make some excuse; change into a regiment on active service; go abroad and expiate your crime—or try to, as a brave man should."

"Will you go with me to some land where in our love, we can forget these sad miseries?"

"Silence!" she cried, imperiously. "I bid you go."

"And if I refuse?"

"You dare not."

"I dare," he cried, angrily. "I utterly, unconditionally refuse."

"I have told you that your secret is safe with me."

"I tell you that, unless you consent to fly with me, I stay here till you do. You do not know your man, Alice. I have told you I love you—I have done this thing for your sake; and do you think that now I am willing to give up my reward?"

"You will go."

"I will not go!" he cried. "You do not know—how should a weak, ignorant wo-

man know the strength of a man? You are mine, and I claim you as my right. You need not shrink now. I only tell you that you are mine, as I told you that night when I stood before you half drowned, half strangled in my fight for life. You are, I say, mine, and a bond exists between us stronger than any marriage vow. I tell you that you shall fly with me."

She made a scornful gesture.

"You are utterly helpless. I tell you that you are mine whenever I like to claim you as my own."

"And I tell you," she said, standing before him, now pale as ashes, but with her eyes contracted, and as firm as the rock that covered the dead man man's bones, "I tell you what I am not so helpless as you think. Women, even in their weakness, can be strong. Now, George Carleigh, listen to me. Go, and I keep your secret; stay here, and approach that innocent girl with words of love, to murder her young life as you have murdered mine——"

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, gratingly; and there was the old ugly twitching of his handsome face.

"Jealous, then!"

"Jealous?" she retorted. "You do not think me so weak. I say, approach her with your false love, or touch, or say one more such word to me again as you have said in the past, and take the consequences."

"The consequences? And what may they be?"

"The trial and punishment of your crime."

"Which you would share."

"Well," she said, smiling, "what then? Have I not earned them well?"

"What will you do then?" he said, laughing scornfully. "Send for the police, and say Captain Carleigh was attacked by a scoundrel, and in the struggle that ensued the wretched spy was slain?"

"I shall go to my dear, brave lord——"

"What sickly folly!"

"And lay bare the secret that is killing me."

"You dare not!"

"I will," she said, in a low, calm voice, as she crossed her hands upon her breast, and he read her determination in her eyes as she raised them towards heaven, and added in a tone full of the solemn awe she felt for her oath—"I will, so help me God!"

She stepped towards him as she finished, and he involuntarily drew back to let her pass, and stood watching her till she was out of sight among the bushes, and he was alone.

"Curse her!" he exclaimed, at last. "Pooh! what folly, heroics! She has not recovered from the shock.

"What if I were to go?" he said. "To take her advice. Better than this life of misery and suspicion.

"No," he muttered, as he raised his eyes and saw the little robin watching him from a twig hard by, "there's a something here that seems to hold me. I could not go!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONVERSATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

RANGE listened for some moments, and all remained still.

"I've scared her away," he said. "I wonder whether it's the girl who brought the breakfast?"

He smiled, in spite of his troubles, as he recalled her appearance.

"Is anyone there?" he said, after awhile.

"Yes, sir, I'm cleaning Mr. Frank Range's room," came faintly from the other side; and as far as the prisoner could tell it seemed to him that someone was speaking with lips close to the panelled partition which had been papered over.

"Was it you that brought my breakfast?"

"Yes, sir, please."

"Look here, I want to ask you some questions," said Range.

"Oh, no, sir! please, I duran't stop, sir, Mr. Range, sir, would be so angry if he knew."

"He does know, and he is not angry, my girl. I am Mr. Range."

"Oh, you are, are you, sir?"

"Yes; and look here, my girl, don't you be afraid, and you shall be well rewarded."

"Thankye, sir; but please, sir, are you—are you——"

"Am I what?" cried Range, turning up his eyes, and trying to stare over his head at the place whence the voice came behind his bed.

"Are you tied up tightly?"

"Yes; horribly."

"And you're sure you can't get away?"

"Yes, of course."

"That's a comfort," sighed the girl, who had seemed to shrink from the wall. "You arn't very mad just now, are you, sir?"

"Mad! No, of course not," cried Range, with an involuntary shiver. "What made you think I was?"

"Master and missus both said you was, sir."

"Well, never mind them: I am not. Now, listen to me, and answer me directly, there's a good girl. Where am I?"

"In the big, top back room, sir, at the end of the passage."

"No, no!" said Range. "What house is this?"

"The Red House, sir. It's been empty ever so long, till master took it."

"Exactly and where does it stand? What place is this?"

"Northall, sir."

"Northall? where's that?"

"I thought everybody know'd where Northall was, sir. Close by Hanwell, sir, where the mad people are."

"Why, we're close to London!" said Range, in astonishment.

"Oh, no, sir! it's a long way—eight or nine miles, or more."

"Are we near to the road?"

"Oh, no, sir! we're down a lane like, and the road goes by the end."

Bang, bang went the broom, suddenly, and the girl began to hum over the tune again that she had been singing.

"There is some one coming," thought Range; and he found he was right, for a voice that he recognised said—

"There, you needn't go away. I'm not going to stop."

Range had, of course, but one main idea in his head at this time, and it was to escape. Everything here was to bend to that end, and so he lay perfectly still, listening, and feeling that it might be of some use to make this girl his ally, and certainly wise to keep it a secret that he could so easily communicate with her through the thin partition.

That she was kindly disposed towards him she had, shown by her conversation, and that she looked upon his captors as her natural enemies she had also shown by the eager way in which she had resumed her work as she heard the coming footsteps.

Range lay thinking over his position.

"It will be horrible to be kept a prisoner here," he thought. "More horrible to be beaten by a gang of swindlers. I'll stand out through it all. They shall not win." His meal seemed to have a wonderful effect upon him, giving strength of mind and body; and as the latter was completely imprisoned the former, which was free, became more active as he set to work planning some means of escape.

"It is only a matter of time," he said, after some consideration. "Sooner or later if I keep on the watch, I must find a way out. They'll keep me bound and locked up, but they are certain some day to make a slip, and then is my opportunity."

He lay and listened to the distant rumble of a cart, which grew plainer and then died away. Then there was the rushing noise of a train, and after that silence, everything seeming wonderfully still.

The silence was broken at last by a noisy group of sparrows who settled upon the window-sill and kept up their lively chirping.

Somehow those sparrows interested him, and, for the first time in his life, he began to thoroughly understand how it was that prisoners of whom he had read came to make pets of mice and rats and spiders.

The window was open, and the pert little fellows set up their feathers and shook them, after partaking of a dust bath, and then plumed themselves, chirping pleasantly the while, their round dark eyes shining in the sun, which added a gloss to the chestnut and brown and grey of their feathers, till, as he watched them, he came to the conclusion that, after all, a sparrow unsullied by the London smoke was a very pretty bird.

"Better have been a sparrow," he said, laughingly. "I don't know, though; I dare say plenty of young cock-birds have their love troubles, and their Sheldrakes, Mewburns, and Pannells in the shape of hawks, guns, and traps, and their fair Sarahs in the guise of cats. I don't suppose a bird's life is perfect."

Just then there was a loud fluttering of wings, the sparrows flew off, and all was still once more.

Range made a fresh examination of his room as far as his constrained position would allow, and noted everything—the simple furniture, the pictures again, the door and windows, and his eyes rested long upon the bars.

"Well," he said, at length, "men who have been kept in prisons have before now make their escape. Why should not I?"

As if he expected that he might get away at once, he began to strain and drag at the strait-waistcoat to free his hands, and, after a good deal of trying, lay still, panting and hot, with a feeling akin to admiration of the ingenuity of the contrivance which, while it was light and seemed to be frail as opposed to a strong man's muscles, was in effect as strong in its way as iron fetters.

So far he felt no horror at his situation. Despair had not been evoked, but lay deep down in the gloom of the caverns of his imagination. In fact, to Range, in this stage of his imprisonment, the whole affair wore something of the aspect of an outrageous practical joke of which he was the victim.

The other phases of impression were to come.

The day wore slowly on as he lay there stretched upon his back, feeling rather weary and cramped. He had had no lunch, but then breakfast had been very late, so he was not surprised; but it was getting well on towards evening, and in spite of his position he wanted dinner.

"It's their turn now," he thought; "and they have the best of the game: but my deal must come and then——"

He had not made up his mind what was to happen then, and there was no hurry, so he lay and listened.

All at once a low whistling reached his ear, coming and going, and accompanying a heavy step on a gravel walk.

The air was familiar. It was one he had often heard in the West, and after a time the whistling ceased, and snatches of the song of which it had been a rendering floated up, trolled in a big bass voice that he recognized as Pannell's.

"My big brother!" said Range, with a scornful laugh. "Shall I hail him and say I'm hungry? No, I'm their prisoner, and they shall feed me as they please."

"Good Heavens!" he ejaculated, after lying listening for another half hour; "how ridiculous it is!"

Ridiculous? Yes, he felt it was ridiculous; but it was dawning upon him that all the same his position was very terrible, and that the simplicity of the precautions of these men in stamping him as out of his mind gave them tremendous power, and made him a prisoner with whom no one would care to interfere, or upon whose behalf be disposed to intercede.

"They have me fast," he said, after a long mental consideration of his position, "but I'm not made of the clay they think. If Judith had been different to me I'd have given half I possess to be free. Situated as I am, they have made their coup at the wrong time. I'll hold out, let them do what they will, and I'm glad they've trapped me. It has given a nerve and strength to my future, and set me, somehow, to fight like a man; and fight I will, if it's to the very death."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT VACCINATION.—Edward Jenner the discoverer of vaccination was born, in England in 1749. He was apprenticed to a doctor and afterwards came to London. After taking his diploma, he returned to his native place, and it was here that he practised his profession, and also made that great discovery which has proved such an inestimable benefit to mankind. His life sped tranquilly on amidst the rustics he loved so well until the year 1823, when death somewhat suddenly terminated his earthly career.

As the village and neighborhood in which Jenner served his apprenticeship was mostly a grazing cou..try, he was thrown much amongst farmers and their servants. At a time when smallpox was raging among them, his attention was attracted by hearing a milkmaid say that she had once caught cowpox from the cows, and therefore smallpox wouldn't hurt her. He was much struck with this remark; and on making inquiries, he found it was a common belief about there, that whoever caught this disease from the cows was not liable to take smallpox.

With that talent for close observation and investigation which distinguished him, he pondered much over this remark of the milkmaid's, and by careful experiments elaborated the great life-saving truth, that cowpox might be disseminated from one human being to another to the almost total extinction of smallpox.

The eastern practice of inoculation was first made known in England by Lady Wortley Montagu, who was the wife of an ambassador at Constantinople, where she had seen it tried with good effect. Inoculation consisted in transferring the matter of the *smallpox* pustule from the body of one suffering from the disease to that of one not as yet afflicted by the disease. It is a fact that the form of smallpox thus communicated through the skin was less severe, and consequently less fatal, than when taken naturally, as was abundantly proved.

But, unfortunately, inoculated smallpox was as *infectious* as the natural smallpox—this fact forming the great distinction between inoculation and vaccination. The inoculated person became a centre of infection and communicated it to many others.

It was on the 14th of May, 1796—a day which is still commemorated in parts of Germany as a festival—that a boy was vaccinated with matter taken from the hands of a milkmaid. The disease was thus communicated to the boy, and he passed through it satisfactorily. But now came the anxious and critical trial for Jenner. The same boy on the 1st of July following was inoculated with the smallpox virus, but he did not take the disease. In 1798 Jenner published his first pamphlet on the subject, and later, in the first year of the present century, he wrote that it was "too manifest to admit of controversy, that the annihilation of the smallpox, the most dreadful scourge of the human species, must be the final result of this practice."

Soon after this, a parliamentary Committee investigated and reported on the new discovery in terms of the most emphatic approbation; and a declaration was signed by seventy of the chief physicians and surgeons in London expressing their confidence in it.

Jenner's essay which explained his discovery had in the meantime been translated into several foreign languages, and had also found its way to America, where President Jefferson vaccinated, by the help of his sons-in-law, about two hundred of his friends and neighbors. From this time forward, vaccination may be said to have taken a firm hold of the civilized world.

THEATRICAL MISSION.—London has a theatrical mission whose object is the welfare of those who make their livelihood on the stage. The children—girls from the tender age of 2 to 15 years—are interested in their own rooms in a distinct part of the building, with scrapbooks, games and other innocent employments. About 5000 young women have become members, thus coming under friendly character oversight. Evangelistic services also are held. The reading rooms and other resorts have been a great boon to a large number of young women, who, in consequence of living at a distance from their places of engagement, would otherwise have been obliged to spend the long intervals between rehearsals or morning engagements and evening performances in green-rooms, and public houses. London has 28,000 people who get their living by appearing in public on the stage.

"DON'T you know it is very wrong to smoke, my boy?" said an old lady to a youngster who persisted in puffing a cheap cigar. "Oh, I smoke for my health," answered the boy saucily.—"But you never heard of a cure by smoking," she continued presently. "O yes, I did," persisted the boy blowing a big cloud; "that's the way they cure pigs."—"Smoke on, then," quickly replied the old lady; "there's some hope for you yet."

Scientific and Useful.

MILK TEST.—The Germans test milk by dipping a well-polished knitting needle into a deep vessel and then immediately withdrawing it in an upright position. If the milk is pure, a drop will hang from the end of the needle; but, if it contains even a small portion of water no drop will adhere.

RUST.—In order to keep machinery from rusting take one ounce of camphor, dissolving it in one pound of melted lard; take off the scum and mix in as much fine black-lead as will give it iron color. Clean the machinery and smear it with this mixture. After twenty-four hours rub clean with soft linen cloth. It will keep clean for months under ordinary circumstances.

THE JAR OF MACHINERY.—Where several small machines are running at the same time the jar or vibration may be prevented by first ascertaining with the aid of a spirit level the exact point of vibration in the frame work of each machine, and then, by drilling small holes, introducing plugs of soft bar lead and riveting them in.

SAFETY.—The greatest precaution against fire has been taken at the new theatre, in Nice, Italy. There is an iron curtain which drops by touching a button. There is a large reservoir of water, and, in addition to the gas, oil lamps are kept burning, so that the theatre will not be in total darkness in case the gas should go out. No performance is to be given without the presence of a corps of firemen.

ROLLER SKATES.—The wood parts of roller skates are made of boxwood, the same as that used in making wood engravings. Boxwood was never very plenty, and the roller skate craze has sent its price away up out of reach of the wood engravers who are groaning and wishing the craze would abate or some one would discover a substitute for boxwood. Their business is seriously affected.

WOOD STAIN.—To render new wainscoting and oak furniture dark and give it an antique appearance, ammonia, says a high authority, is the cleanest, best and cheapest material that can be used. The liquid stains commonly used raise the grain of the wood, whereas in the use of ammonia it is simply the fumes that color, and do it so completely that it is difficult to tell whether the wood is really new or old.

RATS.—A Philadelphian is said to have got rid effectually of rats that he did not want to use arsenic on, in this way: "He mixed two parts of sweetened flour with one part of plaster of paris, placed the cake in a dish, and a basin of water beside it. The rats eat, drank and were merry. The plaster of paris set in their stomachs and intestines, and they eat no more. It was a way of plugging up, not the rat holes, but the rats themselves. A fortnight afterward you saw the poor starved rats creeping about. You could knock them down with a stick. It was cruel, but effective."

Farm and Garden.

BRAINS.—Look for brains as well as feet, limbs or body when buying a horse. An animal that is sound in every member, but has not a level head, is never a pleasant horse, and seldom a valuable one. As much variety exists among horses in regard to sense as is found in the human family.

GRASS.—No one hears complaints of the low values of grass in any form. Grass seems to have a steady and substantial value which does not decline because of a surplus product and which may be turned from one use to another with advantage. And its growth does not exhaust, but rapidly improves, the soil.

VERMIN.—By burning carbolic acid, sulphur and turpentine in a closed poultry-house, and keeping the smoke confined for two hours, the lice and vermin will be destroyed. Those who try the remedy must be cautious and see that all cracks are closed and also to be careful in regard to the fire, in order to avoid a conflagration.

LIME AND EGGS.—The lime process of keeping eggs is to take one pint of salt and one quart of fresh lime and slake with hot water. When slacked add water to make four gallons. When well settled pour off the liquid gently into a stone jar. Then with a dish place the eggs in, dipping the dish after it fills with the liquid, so that they will roll out without cracking the shell; for if the shell is cracked the egg will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh. Keep them covered in a cool place and they will keep fresh for one year.

WATERING HORSES.—Bearing in mind that the stomach of a horse is small in proportion to the size of his frame, he requires feeding often, and, though three times a day is sufficient, four times is better. Unlike human beings, horses should drink before they eat, because, owing to the conformation of the horse, water does not remain in the stomach, but passes through it into a large intestine called the cæcum. If a horse be fed first, the water passing through the stomach would be likely to carry with it particles of food, and thus bring about colic. Whatever a groom may say, let a horse drink as much as he likes. If he be watered four times a day he will never take very much, or too much to be good for him. A horse, it must be remembered, is fed on dry food, and this, with the strong work done by a worker, always produces a feverishness which a sufficiency of water tends to allay.

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SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 28, 1885.

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CHEERFULNESS AND HOPE.

Pleasant, cheerful people make a dull day cheerful; they have somewhat of the same effect in a room as an open fire or a bouquet of flowers; they make us feel for the nonce as if everybody was pleasant because they are. We cannot always explain exactly why they are so pleasant. They may not be beautiful—they are often plain; they are not always robust people—they are sometimes invalids; they are not always the wittiest; but they possess a magic superior to all these which dwarfs the wit and cleverness of others, and makes these of small value beside their own attractiveness.

As a general thing, it will be found that those who have the largest faculty for enjoyment have the largest development of hope or cheerfulness, and vice versa. We project our present feelings into the future, and make them its interpreter. The constitutionally happy man may have many griefs, and suffer under them acutely, but he is elastic, and his spirits at length rebound to their natural condition. Thus he habitually dresses the future in bright colors. He hopes for the fulfilment of his desires, whatever they may be, with a hope that amounts to confidence. If he is enterprising, he hopes for success; if ambitious, for honor; if affectionate, for love; if benevolent, for the good of the community. These hopes are so strong that they come to be expectations, if not convictions; and, as he looks forward, he sees the continued image of his own happy thoughts as we see our countenance in a succession of reflections from opposite mirrors. It is largely because he enjoys that he hopes, and his hopes in their turn afford him new enjoyment.

People who are fond of complaining of the injustice of circumstances, declaring that the good are often unsuccessful and the evil are often prosperous, would do well to analyze carefully their estimate of success and prosperity. If they include in it riches, fame and position, and exclude from it cheerfulness, hope, peace of mind, a contented spirit, a good conscience, a noble character, and the luxury of doing good, they are right, according to their standard. But, if these latter possessions are preferable, then are the good prosperous, indeed, with a prosperity that no misfortune can touch, and no loss can remove, and the evil are truly unsuccessful, though they may have wealth, station, power and ease.

There is a certain feeling of calm power that always attends the fact of possession. When we are struggling and hoping cheerfully for what we desire, we are eager, excited, and in a measure unstrung; but, when we finally obtain it, we become, so far as that one thing goes, restful and assured. Of all possessions that can possibly be secured, there is none which gives this quiet and dignified sense of power so thoroughly as a proper sense of hope and justice. To feel sure that we possess any single power or faculty, that we have it under our control, and can use it at our pleasure, is a source of great happiness and peace of mind; and those who are fortunate enough to have this sense extended over many of their faculties, are to be warmly congratulated.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is more than suspected that very many of the snake bites causing death in India are caused by parents desiring to put an end to superfluous offspring in a manner which defies discovery of guilt.

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SPIRITUALISTS are usually content to boom their peculiar belief by word of mouth only. Now, however, a London millionaire offers to wager $10,000 that ghosts manifest themselves in the flesh, shake hands, and have their pictures taken.

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A PAMPHLET has lately been published in London, advocating the fining of people who have more than three children. There is no question but that the theories advanced by Mrs. Besant have gradually taken a very strong hold on the people of England.

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A PHYSICIAN connected with one of the hospitals in New York, where children receive special attention, says that many of the cases of spinal trouble brought to his notice are the direct result of the careless handling of baby carriages. The matter of how nurses and others handle these little vehicles is one to which parents may well pay attention.

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AMONG the new applications of cotton is its use, in part, in the construction of houses, the material employed for this purpose being the refuse, which, when ground up with about an equal amount of straw and asbestos, is converted into a paste, and this is formed into large slabs or bricks, which acquire, it is represented, a hardness equal to stone, and furnish a really valuable building stock.

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THE English language is not studied in France, on the assumption that the French vernacular is destined to become the universal tongue. Recently published figures, however, prove that the number of French-speaking people is declining, and that French is not now spoken by more than about 50,000,000, whereas English is very rapidly spreading, and is already known to upwards of 150,000,000.

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IT is stated on good authority that no watch will keep the same time with different people. This is curiously attributed to the temperament of the wearer, and it is claimed that even the mere physical difference in gait and movement between different people will affect the keeping of absolutely accurate time. The magnetism of the wearer is also supposed to affect the time-registering machinery of watches.

—

A SOCIETY has been formed in Boston to help its members purchase a home, or commence business when they are married. Eligibility to membership consists simply in being unmarried. This surprising scheme provides that a member need have paid in only $250 to become entitled to the full benefit of $1,000 at the end of eighteen months. As the association has just begun operations, no benefit will become due until 1886. The secretary claims a membership of 100 already, and hopefully predicts one of 12,000 within five years.

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THERE are 3,985 paper mills in the world, in which 1,904,000,000 pounds of paper are annually manufactured. Half of this paper is used for printing; 600,000,000 pounds only for newspapers, the consumption of which has risen by 300,000,000 pounds during the last ten years. As to the use of paper by individuals, an average of 11 1-2 pounds is used by an Englishman, 10 1-4 pounds by an American, 8 pounds by a German, 7 1-2 pounds by a Frenchman, 3 1-2 pounds by an Italian or Austrian, 1 1-2 pounds by a Spaniard, 1 pound by a Russian, and 2 pounds by a Mexican.

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A CENTURY ago an infidel German countess, dying, ordered that her grave be covered with a solid granite slab; that around it should be placed blocks of stone; and that the whole be fastened together by strong iron clamps, and that on the stone be cut these words: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." Thus she defied the Almighty. But a little seed sprouted up under the covering, and the tiny shoot found its way through between two of the slabs, and grew there slowly and surely until it burst the clamps asunder, and, lifting the immense blocks, the structure ere long became a confused mass of rock, along which in verdure and beauty grew the great oak which had caused the destruction. Thus truth dislodges error.

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To the world of fashion, Lent does not by any means mean a season of sackcloth and ashes; it is only a change of programme from one sort of frolic-making to another. To dance is a thing not to be thought of by the society maiden, but she may with perfect propriety skate either on ice or rollers to the time of the divinest music; she may not on any account go to the theatre for her own amusement, but it is quite the thing for her to attend any dramatic or musical performance given in behalf of charity; she may also play cards, and feast with her friends in any costume except "full dress;" may flirt to heart's content, and spend any amount of time in planning her next season's frocks. Queer are the ways of society.

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THERE is an artist in Boston who, like most of those of his ilk, has his alternate periods of prosperity and financial depression, but who, unlike many others, is of a unique philosophic disposition. Whenever he has a streak of good luck and sells a picture, he goes and gets the money he receives changed into one-dollar bills. These he rolls up separately and throws about his studio indiscriminately, reserving only a few dollars for immediate necessities. Then, when he gets hard up, he goes rummaging around behind pictures and frames, under chairs and lounges, among old paint tubes and other rubbish, until he has found some of the wads of dollar bills which he had previously sown broadcast. He says that if he kept the money is his pocket he should be sure to spend it, and that hunting for and finding it when needs press is like a renewed touch of prosperity. It is said that a great French landscapist did the same thing, only he could sow golden louis d'or instead of dollar bills.

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THE conditions of college life which formerly gave rise to frequent riots between "town and gown," have long since passed away. The conditions, also, which once gave rise to numberless minor forms of disorder, exist now to a far less extent than ever before in the history of the college. What, then, is it that has produced this change? Surely it is not from any inborn love of culture and order which influences college men now, but did not then. The Yale man of thirty years ago was as much of a gentleman as the Yale man of to-day. No, it is not this. But it is the system of athletics which we have—this fine system of sports and games, which has afforded us a legitimate channel of venting our enthusiasm and love of sport, which were once grossly misdirected. And this would seem to be not the least reason why athletics should be encouraged and upheld in Yale College, and in the other colleges of the country, in order that manliness and comparative good order may characterize the college rather than lawlessness and turbulence.

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WHAT is one's social duty? Often we hear one friend ask this question of another. Is one's social duty done by accepting and giving invitations? What do we bind ourself to in accepting the hospitality of a friend or acquaintance? Is our duty by her done when we have entered the portal of our hostess and have given her greeting? Do we owe anything to her guests? If we are a man, do we do our duty when we neglect speaking to the ladies whom we know? If we see a chance when we can be of service to our hostess in making things pleasant and agreeable for her, is not that our duty to be ready and happy to do her bidding, or even to anticipate it? If we are a woman, our power to do more than to make ourselves as agreeable as we may, is limited. We can only be kind, generous and considerate of other women as it comes in our way. We cannot seek the opportunities of being polite and making the happiness of those about us as men can. Selfishness, alas that we see so very much of it where in reality there is the least excuse for it.

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MUCH advance has been made during recent years in securing increased space about inhabited dwellings, and modern regulations require that a certain maximum of space shall be given in the rear of houses, and also in the front, the width of the street being taken into account as regards the latter space. But in the State of Illinois the excessive width of the streets is reported as having of itself become a source of nuisance and of danger to health. Sixty feet and more are ordinarily given to new streets, even in the smaller towns; eight feet on either side are paved and devoted to pedestrians; and the remaining space, varying usually from forty-four to fifty-four feet, is devoted to carriage traffic. The result is, that this wide carriage road, so often in excess of the requirements of the vehicles that have to travel over it, becomes a source of such expense as to forbid its being properly paved, cleansed and channelled. The street, consequently, is soon turned into a vast surface of dirt mixed with filth and refuse, and when the weather is so dry that that dust is formed, the air which is inhaled as the dust flies about is calculated to bring about disease as well as discomfort, instead of promoting the health of pedestrians.

HER STORY.

BY J. O. SHIELDS.

For years she longed, as other women long,
To feel love's arms about her, strong to shield
Her weakness, e'en as others sought the strong!
But lo! she loved too well his life is wrong,
And loving, did not yield.

As other women weep alone, she wept
That she had naught to give that he might take;
Yet, if she wakened when the great world slept,
The hours of darkness still her secret kept,
Who suffered for love's sake.

And he dreamed not that she had given all,
Who still forbade both eyes and lips to speak,
Nor learned how she had deemed her gift too small,
From her whose maiden pride could hold in thrall
The color in her cheek.

With My Lady's Fan.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

JETTIE Dumont was not due at the Hanover Square Rooms till nine o'clock, but she had dressed early that she might have time for a final trying over of the new song a rising composer had written for her, and which—as the concert in which she was to appear was for his benefit—she was generally anxious to render a success.

As usual, she was in white—a heavy, creamy silk, that fell around her in such folds as artists love to paint. A small quantity of old lace, inherited from a German ancestress, completed her toilette; and a few damask roses, half hidden in their own leaves, were fastened with careless grace at her bosom and in her nut-brown hair. She knew that the classical style of her beauty—and that she was very lovely did not all who saw her declare!—enabled her to dispense with many of the fripperies and furbelows of the tyrant called Fashion, and that the one touch of color her flowers bestowed sufficed to gratify the artistic eye; and she had come from her glass, not foolishly vain of her bright eyes and exquisitely-chiselled features, but girlishly glad that she was so fair that to look upon her was to love her.

Jettie had just seated herself at her piano, and was striking the opening chords of her song, when a carriage rattled to the door of her modest domicile. It was so well known that the young *cantatrice* admitted no visitors, living with the widow who chaperoned her in almost nun-like seclusion, that it was startling to hear, at the conclusion of a brief colloquy in the hall, a footstep rapidly ascending the stairs.

It was still more startling when the door was thrown open, and a lady, elegantly dressed for a dinner-party—her jewels flashing and sparkling with every movement—entered the room, to throw herself into the embrace of Jettie, and wreathe a pair of dazzling-white arms about her neck, weeping hysterically the while.

"Dear Nina—dearest sister—what has happened? Is Sir James ill? or—or why have you disobeyed him by coming here? Has he not forbidden you to hold any intercourse with the girl who prefers living by her own exertions to being a dependant on his bounty?"

"He does not know—he must never know!" murmured Nina, through the tears which fell faster than before, when Jettie resolutely untwined her arms, and putting her from her, moved towards the bell.

"Is your carriage in waiting, Lady Warrenne? Then return to it. You shall have no welcome from me if you come in secret. Shame on you, Nina, to betray the trust of the best of husbands!"

"Don't ring, Jettie!" exclaimed the lady, springing towards her. "For Heaven's sake hear before your too rigid sense of right leads you to thrust me away unpitied, unaided!"

"Not unpitied, Nina; no, no, my own treasured darling!" and again the sisters clasped each other in a fond embrace; "but I should be forever miserable if I were the cause of dissension between you and Sir James. Indeed, dear, you should not have come here without his sanction. We may think him harsh in separating us, but we must not rebel."

"And yet what else could I do—to whom could I go for help but to you? Oh, Jettie, your foolish, frivolous Nina has made a terrible mistake, and unless you can assist her in retrieving it she is ruined!"

"Now you are exaggerating some silly girlish escapade," cried Jettie, beginning to tremble nevertheless, for her sister's distress was too great to have been evoked by a trivial cause. Sir James was somewhat imperious now and then, and always had a great idea of his dignity; but he was most tenderly indulgent and forbearing to the lovely young wife he had wedded for her beauty. Why, then, was she afraid to confide in him?

"Exaggerating did you say? Alas! you do not know how much I have to dread. Do you think me childish for shedding these tears? Is it not because I have not dared to weep before, lest anyone should suspect my position! Jettie, darling Jettie! I (Sir James should thrust me out of his heart and house, and call me a false wife—a bad woman—will you turn from me too?"

"Don't, Nina; pray don't talk so wildly!" gasped her sister, now really terrified. "Calm yourself, for my sake as well as your own. Remember you have to appear at some fashionable party, and that I must sing to-night, though my heart were breaking. What have you done? Tell me, and tell me quickly. Come what may, I will stand by you, and you shall not hear a reproach from my lips."

"The cloud was such a little one at first," wailed Nina. "How could I think it would grow into a storm that at any moment may burst on this poor head and wreck my life! It was just in this way it began. Sir James could not go with me to Goodwood races—some business or other prevented it—and I found his sisters so prosy that I contrived to elude them and join a livelier set. I would not be induced to bet, as the rest were doing, for Sir James dislikes it as unfeminine, and had forbidden it. But somehow, Jettie, alas! one folly led to another. I talked and laughed—flirted some said—too recklessly with Mr. St. John. You have heard of him, I suppose? one of the wealthiest and most reckless men in society; and he tempted me to stake my ring; the ruby my husband gave me at our betrothal—his first gift—and I—I lost!"

"Don't look at me so, Jettie!" Lady Warrenne cried, frantically. "I was mad! The laughter—the excitement—the flattering whispers I heard on all sides had turned my brain; but I treated the matter as a jest. I did not imagine that he would exact payment of my silly wager, till, as he bade me good night at parting, he drew the ring off my finger. This morning at the flower-show I saw him and entreated its return. He had it on his watch-guard. Oh, Heaven! if Sir James had seen and recognized it! His first pledge of affection to the girl who owes everything to his goodness, now openly worn, and perhaps boasted of, by such a man as Harry St. John. Would he—could he—ever forgive?"

Again Nina Warrenne wrung her hands and ground her white teeth in a frenzy of despair. She was a light-hearted, heedless young creature, too apt to rush into follies that she would afterwards repent bitterly, bitterly, but never had she found herself in such a hopeless dilemma as this. Sir James Warrenne, in spite of his being double her age, had fallen in love with the pretty music-mistress of his sister's children, and as soon as he ascertained from her own lips that she was well born, her father having been a naval officer—he had not hesitated to marry her; his only stipulation being that Jettie, whose exquisite voice had secured her several engagements as a concert-singer, should give up her intention of appearing to the public; and when the high-spirited songstress persisted in asserting her independence, he considered himself justified in forbidding any further intercourse between the sisters than was involved in a formal visit once or twice during the season. Nina fretted and called him cruel; but Jettie was the first to set her the example of submission to his will: for did not the loving, self-sacrificing girl know full well that he was so good, so generous, so forbearing to his wife in all else, that she had not a wish ungratified, save the very natural one of making that dear sister a sharer in the luxuries and pleasures of her new life!

But with all Sir James Warrenne's indulgence, Nina had a dim consciousness that he could be both stern and unforgiving. A man of irreproachable honor and jealous of his dignity, the bride who bore his name must never do anything to disgrace it. She might be thoughtless, or rash, or extravagant, and he would make excuses for her; but there were limits beyond which she must not take one step or his wrath would be terrible.

And here she was, lying on her sister's bosom, confessing to an act that had placed her at the mercy of a man whose wild course of dissipation made some pity, others despise him; but all pure-minded women shrank with horror from the risk of having their names whispered in connection with his.

Jettie glanced at the pendule on the mantelpiece; she dared not lose another moment, yet she could not let her sister go away comfortless. Lady Warrenne was not strong; already her hands burned with fear, and her slight frame was shaken with the anxiety she had undergone.

"Dry your tears, Nina, and fear nothing. *I* will see Mr. St. John, and compel him to restore your ring."

"But you do not know him," Lady Warrenne faintly objected; "and you must neither go to his chambers nor invite him here. I will not let you injure your fair fame."

Jettie's lip curled scornfully.

"Trust me, Nina; this bold, bad man shall have no chance of boasting at my expense; *but* you shall have *your* ring! Nay, I cannot tell you yet how I shall go to work; only remember, you must be passive, and not lower your wifely dignity by holding any further intercourse with Mr. St. John."

"But if I should meet him—and it is so difficult to avoid it?"

"Not at all," responded the braver sister. "You can plead indisposition, and confine yourself to the house for a few days. You look ill enough already to alarm Sir James, if he should see you with those white cheeks and swollen eyes."

Nina reflected.

"He will not return from the House for some hours. I will throw up my engagements, send excuses, and go home quietly to bed. If he should question me, I can say with truth that I felt so unwell that I came to you, and have acted on your advice. Oh! Jettie, if you can save me from the consequences of my intolerable folly, I will never, never commit another! Indeed, I did not know how much I prized my husband's affection and faith in me till I saw myself on the point of losing it!"

"Be calm and patient till you hear from me," was all Jettie could reply; but Lady Warrenne hurried back to her carriage consoled and hopeful; while the *cantatrice*, in her more humble equipage, drove to the concert-room, struggling hard to steady her nerves and banish all thought of Nina's perplexities till her songs were sung, and the public—on whose applause her livelihood depended—were satisfied.

There was an unmistakable buzz of admiration when Jettie glided to her place on the platform. Perhaps the agitation she had undergone, in flushing her cheeks and lending additional lustre to her eyes, had given to her beauty the animation that made it less statuesque and more attractive; and yet her manner was studiously calm, for she was so afraid to dwell upon the task she had undertaken, that she strove to concentrate her thoughts on the music she held in her hand.

Yet that very effort at self-repression thrilled in her voice, and made it more sweet and pathetic as she warbled the simple ballad set down for her, and there were tears in many eyes as the soft notes died away.

Then it was that, as Jettie resumed her seat, and unfurled her fan to cool her burning cheeks, she met the earnest and respectful gaze of a gentleman who had stationed himself where he could see her without his homage being patent to anyone near. It was not the first time he had done this; and the fair songstress, who had disdainfully rejected all the bouquets and costly trifles offered to her, had more than once fastened in her hair the single white rose sent to her, because she believed that it came from him; and the high-souled woman who would not listen to the compliments or the insidious wooing of titled admirers, knew that her blushes rose and her heart beat wildly whenever she encountered the dark eyes now fixed upon her.

Drooping her own modestly on the fan she was waving to and fro, she discovered for the first time that it was not her own. In her haste Nina must have snatched up her sister's simple *evening* of black satin, and left in its stead her own costly toy of cream-colored feathers and carved ivory; but it served to hide Jettie's agitation when, at the close of the concert, the composer by whom it had been given came towards her, followed by the gentleman whose face had long been her ideal of manly beauty.

"My dear Miss Dumont," said Signor Sanna, "will you be angry with me if I venture to break your rule and introduce to you this my very excellent friend and patron? I can no longer resist his solicitations; but if you are displeased with me I shall be in despair."

How could Jettie answer him, except by the modest confusion that made her lovelier than ever, and gave her consent to the signor's request!

"Ah, ha!" he cried, gaily. "I knew you would not be implacable. Advance, monsieur! Signorina, permit me to make known to you Monsieur Harold St. John!"

Jettie started as if she had been stung, and all her bright dreams vanished. It was not at her that Nina's persecutor had been gazing, but at the fan. It was so unique that he must have recognized it as Lady Warrenne's, and Heaven only knew what base motives had prompted him to obtain an introduction to her sister.

He spoke, but she did not hear what he said; her own tumultuous doubts and fears made her deaf to his eloquence, but she saw that he was not at his ease, and her courage revived.

"I have so long wished to know you!" he murmured in her ear, when Signor Sanna turned from them to address a playful remark to one of his compatriots.

"Hush, sir! cried Jettie, with quivering lip. "I have no inclination to listen to civil speeches, especially from you; and yet I thank Heaven we have met. Do you know why? It is that I may rouse you, if words of mine can do so, to a sense of your wickedness. You are a villian, Mr. St. John," she went on, gaining strength as she proceeded. "You can make a jest of a weak woman's misery, and smile when you torture her! Give me back that ring, sir. In my sister's name I demand it. If you have one spark of manhood remaining in you, it is impossible you can refuse it to me!"

"I do not know to what you are alluding," he told her, coldly, with upraised brows.

"Have you forgotten already how you possessed yourself of the ring, and were deaf to my sister's entreaties when she begged you to return it?"

"Are you speaking of——"

"Hush! do not desecrate her name by taking it on your lips! It was the pledge of her betrothal. She trembles lest her husband should discover that it has passed into your possession. For once be generous—be honorable! Do not render one who erred in sheer thoughtlessness miserable for ever, that you may have the poor triumph of numbering her amongst your victims. Give me that ring, sir. See, I humble myself to entreat you to be merciful and restore it!"

"It is not at present in my possession, Miss Dumont," he replied, with considerable embarrassment.

"You have parted with it!" she gasped, recoiling from him with disgust. "Not content with flaunting the evidence of my poor Nina's folly at your watch-chain, you—have given it to another! And she has neither father nor brother to shield her from her husband's reproaches nor to avenge herself upon you. Mr. St. John, you are not only heartless, but a craven!" Striking him lightly across the face with my lady's fan, Jettie swept away, contriving to preserve an outward show of tranquility till she reached home. Then throwing herself on her bed, she passed the night in tears; weeping not only for her sister, but for the credulity that had led her to invest with every virtue the handsome stranger whom she had discovered to be none other than the roue and gambler St. John.

It was nearly noon when Jettie awoke—still heavy and unrefreshed—from the sleep into which she had not fallen till long after the breaking of the dawn. As soon as she recalled the events of the preceding evening, she began to be tormented with self-reproach for having bungled an affair of so much importance.

"I should have conciliated instead of affronting him," she reminded herself. "As long as Nina's fate was in his hands I should have stooped to smile, and coax, and flatter; instead of which, I raved at and defied him!"

"Yet how could I help it?" she asked, in a paroxysm of righteous indignation. "Has not his conduct been inexcusable? If it were not that my poor sister may suffer by my warmth, I could rejoice that I was able to let him see how one at least of my sex abhors him. But if he should retaliate on Nina, how shall I ever forgive myself? or how, under any circumstances, am I to fulfil the promise I made to her?"

Then Jettie came to the conclusion that she had suffered Lady Warrenne's dread of her husband's anger to influence her unduly.

"Heaven help me! for I meant well, but I did not advise her prudently! Instead of constituting myself her champion, I should have sent her to Sir James, and counselled her to tell him all. Better, far better, that he should hear from her lips a tale that others would distort and exaggerate till it maddened him."

But she could not retrieve her mistake; something must be done, and that quickly, or Nina's anxiety would become intolerable. Plan after plan did Jettie form, only to reject each succeeding one as wild and impracticable; and it was in sheer despair and bewilderment that she finally resolved to go to Signor Sanna, and endeavor to learn whether he had sufficient influence with Mr. St. John to induce him to give up Lady Warrenne's ring.

"I cannot eat, I am not thirsty," said Jettie to her *chaperone*, who remonstrated with her for thinking of going out without breakfasting; and—when the good woman persisted—breaking from her with an impatience she rarely evinced.

The little mercurial signor received her with his customary urbanity; and as soon as she mentioned the name of Mr. St. John, broke into a panegyric on that gentleman most distasteful to the ears of his auditor.

"I did not come to listen to his praises!" she cried; "but to ask you if you will see him on my account? It is a great favor to demand of you——"

"Nay, nay, not at all; you propose to give a concert for your own benefit, and you would secure the patronage of monsieur. Eh? is it not so?"

But Jettie was dissenting with unmistakable repugnance.

"*His* patronage! You greatly mistake me if you think I would accept anything from him; except, indeed, the act of justice for which I seek your assistance. Signor, he has possessed himself of a ring which belongs to—to a very dear friend of mine. Most cruelly he refuses to return it; he has no pity for the woman whose wedded happiness is in jeopardy; and to me he falsely declares that he has it not. But you, signor, you are a good man and will aid me; to your energetic remonstrances he must listen, and to you he dare not refuse the ring."

The flattered signor nodded a prompt assent.

"Yes, yes, to me he must listen. I shall see him: I shall say to him, 'My most excellent friend, the wishes of a weak woman are the law of every brave man. The friend of Ma'selle Dumont demands her ring. I shall not leave you till you have consented that she shall have it.' He will not refuse me. We understand each other; we have looked into each other's souls, and our respect and esteem are mutual."

"Then you will go to him immediately!" cried the thankful Jettie. "You will persuade—you will argue—nay, if that fails, you will *shame* him into more honorable conduct!"

The signor demurred.

"Immediately? But that is out of the question! I have a rehearsal to attend, and to-morrow I leave town for——, where I have agreed to train the choir for the approaching festival. On my return I will seek Monsieur St. John; till then my every hour has its engagement that cannot be deferred. You must have patience, my dear young lady; my time is not yet my own. A week hence I shall be free to devote myself to your service."

A week! It would be an age to the loving sister; a period of incessant and torturing alarms to the young wife, who would be always dreading to hear her husband put to her the question, "Where is the ring I gave you?"

But fresh callers were claiming the attention of the busy musician; and feeling that she had gained little or nothing by this move, Jettie took her departure. Depressed by a consciousness that not all her energy, not all her affection for Nina, could avert the consequences of Lady Warrenne's heedlessness, she went home to try if, in the solitude of her chamber, she could evolve some scheme for keeping at bay the bold rouse she was beginning to fear as much, or even more, than Nina did.

Jettie's *chaperone* was at the window watching for her. She came to the door to meet her, exclaiming, in suppressed tones:

"How long you have been away! I have been so anxious! I have been sending for you in various directions. Sir James Warrenne is here, waiting to see you, and his impatience has made me quite nervous! He is in the drawing-room; pray go to him at once!"

But Jettie had dropped into the nearest chair looking as if she were about to faint.

Then Sir James knew all! For what had he come to her? Was it to accuse her of

having known that Nina was dragging her fair fame in the dust, or to tell her that he has thrust her lapless sister from his roof, and refused to see her again?

While the widow rushed away for water and salts, and Jettie, covering her white face with her trembling hands, put up a prayer for strength to carry her through this trial, she heard a step on the stairs.

Sir James had seen her approach the house, and would not wait till she joined him.

Though still quivering in every limb, Jettie stood up and confronted him. She must not behave as if Nina were guilty; and she even called a smile to her pale lips as he drew near.

Sir James had never been on very friendly terms with the sister of his wife, for he was affronted by her refusal to reside in his house, and yet jealous of her influence over Nina; but he had forgotten this now, and seizing both her hands, he told in faltering tones his errand.

On his return from the House on the preceding evening he had found Nina sleeping, but strangely feverish, and all through the night she had muttered and moaned as if in pain. Instead of the cool air of the morning bringing relief, the fever had increased, and she was now delirious—at one moment calling wildly upon Jettie to come to her aid, at the next clinging to her husband and entreating him to love her still.

"Your presence may calm her, so pray let me take you to her. Heaven forgive me! I have not been careful enough with my precious wife! I've let her exert herself too much, forgetting your warning that her constitution has always been delicate. The serious air of the physician, and the questions he has put to me, have filled me with the gravest apprehensions."

Lady Warrenne was indeed seriously ill. For many hours her husband and sister watched beside her bed, unable to do aught but listen to her ravings. If, at brief intervals, she recognized them, it was only to distress them still further by piteous entreaties to Sir James not to hate her for the one folly that was costing her so dear, or to ask Jettie again and again for her ring.

"You told me you would bring it to me," she would say. "How can I be happy till it is once more on my finger? How can I die till I know that it will be buried with me?"

Harassed by these frenzied reproaches, Jettie stole away at last to write an urgent appeal to Mr. St. John. Surely, when she apprised him of Nina's condition, he would be manly enough to atone for his mischievous act.

"Why does not someone look for her ladyship's ring?" Sir James had angrily demanded. "She would be pacified if she had it." And Jettie had lacked courage to reveal to him that it was no longer in Nina's possession. But he would repeat his inquiries, and then how could she answer him unless he succeeded in awaking Mr. St. John's conscience, and thus obtaining the return of the trinket?

But when she entered the library there stood Harold St. John himself.

"You here!" she gasped, almost suffocated with conflicting emotions, and despising herself for feeling, even at that troubled moment, how her heart ached and throbbed with regret for his unworthiness and her own wasted tenderness.

"You here!" she repeated. "Do you know that your victim is dying? Your presence in her husband's house is an insult, unless you come to make reparation for all she has undergone."

Without a word of reply, yet bending on her a look that haunted her for hours, he put into her hand Nina's ring and left her.

On Lady Warrenne's overwrought brain the sight of the ring acted like a talisman. She uttered a cry of delight as soon as she saw it; and pressing it to her lips, fell into the tranquil sleep that could alone restore her.

When she awoke, her first thought was of her recovered treasure: and as soon as she had slipped it on to her finger, she threw her arms around her sister, exclaiming:

"How shall I thank you!"

"By telling Sir James all," was the reply; and Jettie left the husband and wife together.

Nina acted on her sister's advice, and was rewarded for her confession by the fullest forgiveness. Sir James winced when he heard how his thoughtless bride had forgotten his injunction; but when he saw how dearly she had paid for her folly, he thought her sufficiently punished, and magnanimously requested that the subject might never again be alluded to.

As soon as Nina could travel, he took her to Germany, and Jettie went back to her quiet home with the widow. Her first visit was to Signor Sarno, who promised to obtain for her fresh engagements.

"For this evening you will stay with us, and then we will practice together; and you will sing—will you not—for my excellent friend St. John? He goes back shortly to his old castle in the North, and I have promised that he shall hear you once more before he leaves us."

"Sing for Mr. St. John! How can you ask me?" cried Jettie, confused and angry.

"He is my very good friend," persisted the Signor. "I have known and esteemed him highly ever since he came—a boy—to Italy, and he has a veritable passion for the music. But it seems to me you speak ill of him. Is it that you confound him with the scapegrace, spendthrift cousin, Harry St. John, who is always committing some folly? My Mr. St. John is sensible and clever, and rarely visits London, except when I tempt him to come to hear some good singer like yourself."

"Is it possible that I have been mistaken? that I have wronged him?" cried the agitated girl.

"Let *me* answer those questions," and Jettie found Harold St. John beside her. "It was my cousin who took Lady Warrenne's ring, and I told you truly when I said that I had it not. I should have added that I would go to him and insist on its being restored to its owner, but you would not listen."

"And I called you a craven, and struck you with my Nina's fan!" murmured Jettie, with a sob. "Why did you not undeceive me?"

"I could not add to your troubles when I saw you looking so harassed and unhappy about your sister. I was content to wait. Some day, I said to myself, she will comprehend her mistake, and then—ah! then she will atone to me for those reproaches, and let me tell her that if her beauty and her sweet voice had won my admiration, the blow struck in defence of a sister's good name won my love as well."

Society protested and wondered at the "luck" of the orphan sisters when Jettie disappeared from the concert-room to become the bride of Harold St. John. Sir James Warrenne gave her a costly trousseau, and endeavored by a thousand kindnesses to bury the past coldness in oblivion and with Nina came back from the continent to be present at the wedding. Lady Warrenne was a little surprised when the happy bridegroom presented her with a very beautiful fan, but she had never known the one she unwittingly exchanged, for Jettie's lies in a drawer where Harold St. John keeps some of his most precious mementoes, and that he can always win a shower of penitent kisses from Jettie's rosy lips by showing it to her.

A Night of Terror.

BY C. L. PIRKIS.

MAMARONECK is a pretty little station on the New York and New Haven Railroad, twenty miles from New York, and ours is one of its outlying country-seats, down toward the water. Hazlewood Cottage, as we call it, is approached by a private road of its own, which leads away from the main highway, stretching across the fields, and under the trees, for a half-mile or more, down to the water's edge, where stands our pretty English cottage—pretty in its quaint old gables and ivy-encircled casements—very pretty indeed, but yet very lonesome, for there is no house within a half-mile either way.

Fred was away from home—his first absence from me during the joyous year of wedded life which had flown by so happily—and I was sitting in my room, my feet tucked up on the fender in front of the cheery wood fire—the first of the season—with baby on my lap, and my mind engaged in busy thought of Fred, in vague wonderings as to what he was doing to-night, and in fond anticipation of his return to-morrow.

Baby was sick, and I had watched her closely all day, and all through the night previous, too; but a quiet calm sleep had just come to her, and ceasing the little song with which I had sung her to rest, my thoughts once more turned to Fred.

I presume I was nervous from my sleepless watching with baby, for several times I imagined I heard strange noises as of heavily-booted feet treading lightly on the gravelled road, and again in the hallway below; but, putting aside these foolish imaginings, I bent over little Kitty again, and began my low song as she turned uneasily in her sleep.

What was that?

Certainly I heard a noise as of some one stumbling, and a low-muttered curse on the upper piazza, close outside my window!

It could be imagination no longer, and, remembering I was alone in the house, I was thoroughly terrified. Laying baby down gently in the crib, I peered out of the window, pressing my face close against the glass.

Nothing was to be seen. All was black and dark outside, telling of the storm which had been brewing all the afternoon, while the great, heavy black clouds hung in dense masses on the horizon.

I stepped back, and letting fall the heavy curtainings, crossed the room—impelled by a something, I know not what—and stepping into the hall, looked cautiously over the banisters. Great Heavens!

There in the hallway below stood Maggie—my only servant at present—whispering earnestly with three men, whose rough, passion-lined faces were close to hers, as they listened to her words. One glance at their low-browed, wicked faces, fierce, coarsely-cut features, and their shaggy hair, half concealed under their greasy, dirty caps, told me why they were there, and one glance at their great, broad shoulders and stout, sinewy frames, told me, too, what a plaything I should be in their hands should I attempt resistance. My heart grew sick, as I realized how powerless were baby and I in the hands of these evil men and that bad woman; and, half dead with fright, I crept back to my room, and fell in a half-swoon on the floor close to baby's crib.

I must have come to very soon, for the clock over the fire-place had not yet gone the half-hour, and, rousing myself with a determined effort, I took baby in my arms, and, sitting down by the fire, tried to calm myself, preparatory to planning some escape.

How my brain worked in those few moments—worked as it had never done before! How I prayed God for strength, in that poor heart which was fluttering in my bosom until I thought I would suffocate for calmness in my brain, which was giddy in its terrible excitement! One thought kept me from going mad in the terror of these moments—one thought brought a coolness to my deliberations as I sat there by the fire, rocking wildly back and forth, holding baby close to my heaving bosom. One thought—one which will give a true, pure woman strength and courage to die fighting valiantly in the hands of just such men as those who were with me in this house—alone with me now—aided and abetted by that depraved creature who had let them in.

Again I heard a step in the hall below. Something must be done, and at once. The window opened out on the piazza, and through the window I must fly with Kitty in my arms, and, clambering down as best I could over the trellised balcony, flee out into the darkness to the nearest house. Quick as thought I caught up a light shawl, and throwing it over Kitty, glanced out into the hall to see I was not watched, as I sprang lightly to the window.

The heavy curtains were thrust aside, one hand was on the sash—it would not stir! Again—again, with all my strength—in vain; and a sickening horror crept over me as I saw it had been fastened *outside* by a heavy billet of wood!

The noise of some one stumbling, and the muttered curse outside my window, came back to me, and I realized that I had been then securely fastened in by one of those three men who were now awaiting my coming below.

Flinging myself down on the bed in an agony of despair, I begged God to kill me outright. Oh, the agony of those moments! I was, indeed, *desperate*, burying my face among the coverings to drown the sound of my passionate, terrified sobbing. Hark! a footfall on the stairs.

One long, dreadful moment of suspense, and Maggie stood in the doorway.

"I could not look the vile creature in the face, turning from her as she spoke. She hesitated a moment.

"Well, Maggie," I said at length, "what do you want?"

"If you please, ma'am, I'd like to go to the village to get something. I'll be back shortly, ma'am."

"What did this mean? Could it be that whatever womanly feeling was left in this creature was rising within her, and bidding her to leave the house until the wicked work was done—or was this part of some programme?

"Maggie," I said, with a quietude that surprised me, "you are not used to going out at this time of night, and over these lonely roads. Why do you wish to go to-night, Maggie? I can't understand it. Is there any reason for this strange idea of going to the village to-night?"

"My sister is sick, ma'am, and I want to go to her, if you please."

The girl lied, and as I glanced at her she was well aware of it. A saucy toss of the head warned me that I must conciliate, not provoke.

"Well, Maggie, you may go but first you must do something for baby." (It occurred to me—oh blessed thought!—that if they contemplated robbery, they might be glad to do it undisturbed, and with me in bed and asleep. So I baited my hook, and threw it to her and them in this wise.) "The baby is sick, Maggie—very sick indeed. All last night, you know, I was awake with her, and I feel that I *must* have a good night's rest. The doctor left me a prescription for Kitty if she should be restless, and I want you to go to the apothecary's on your way and get them to make it up; then when you come back I'll give it to baby and we can have a good night's rest, for you need it, poor girl, as much as I do. By-the-way," I broke in, disconnectedly, "when you come back remind me to give you some jewelry I have. I have it hidden away somewhere, where no one would find it; but still I feel uneasy having it out of the safe; so, *when you come back*, Maggie, I'll give it to you and the safe keys, and let you lock it up. Come to me just before I go to bed—in fact, come as soon as you return, for I am tired and shall be ready for bed by the time you come in."

The girl looked at me curiously as I sauntered across the room, and, laying Kitty in her crib I slowly began to undress.

"Well?" with a saucy toss of the head, which I pretended not to see, "I suppose I may as well."

A pause, during which I pretended to be busy with baby.

"Where's the prescription, ma'am?"

Oh, cunning Maggie!

"In my desk, Maggie—here's the key—no, I haven't it—let me see—did I leave it—"glancing carelessly around. "I'll get it directly," said I, as baby stirred restlessly, and, catching her up, too glad of the excuse, I added, "Kitty will be asleep again by the time you have your bonnet on. Come back for it then."

She left the room and went down stairs, while I hurriedly opened my desk, and tearing off a slip of paper in the shape of a physician's prescription, I wrote in Latin upon it: putting the druggists symbols there as if tho' it were all right and regular:

"Burglars are in my House. For God's sake Come with help at once. Hasten or all will be Over, for I am alone. Arrest the bearer—an accomplice."

When Maggie came back I was sitting before the fire in my wrapper, and, giving her the prescription, asked her to hurry back, as I was anxious to get to sleep.

She took the slip without a word, and went down stairs again, having shut *my door after her*.

I stole noiselessly out into the hall, and, peeping over the banisters, saw once more the three faces close to hers, and knew that they were discussing, one with another, whether she should go. Then they held the paper to the light, and seemed satisfied that it was a genuine prescription, told her to go, saying, in a low voice which my keen ears heard:

"Go and fetch it, an' it'll be all the easier done if she be a-sleepin'. Go and bring it, hang it!"

How my heart sank within me at those words. How palsied my feet seemed to have become as I crawled back to the fireside, and buried my face in my hands.

Would my *ruse* be successful? Would those three terrible men now in hiding below—would they come to me in her absence, having become tired of waiting? Would they think better of their having agreed to wait till I should be asleep, and think it best, after all, to strike me down now while no witness was by, fearing, too, that she might at last betray them?

Oh, the agony—oh, the length of those moments, in each of which I seemed to live years—in which I seemed to *grow old* in my awful waiting! Would they never come—would they never, never come!

Was I to die in this awful agony of terror which was creeping up over me now till my brain was almost crazed?

Hark!

The sound of footsteps on the road—of many feet ringing into the gravel-walk, as they come hurriedly toward the house. Am I saved, saved!

A sound of many voices outside—the noise of bursting through of windows, of falling glass, of breaking through of panels and forcing of doorways, as the house is filled with the voices of those who come trooping in. A noise as of some one plunging up the stairs in heavy boots, the vision of three pale-faced, terror-stricken men, who fly past my door, and up the stairway, then, turning upon the last step, send a volley of bullets among the pursuers, who are close upon their heels—a cry of pain, a pistol-shot again—an awful confusion of curses, groans and terrible scuffling in the room overhead—the tramp of men again in the hall above, and one comes leaping down the steps, followed by three or four others: he sees and rushes toward me, and with one long, loud cry, I fall forward, and am caught in the strong arms of my own Fred!

* * * * * *

Fred had unexpectedly arrived in Mamaroneck by the express, and happened to stop at the apothecary's on his way home, who was reading the prescription as Fred came in.

On seeing Fred, Maggie's face paled, and, thrusting him aside, she sprang for the doorway; but the apothecary's strong arm was upon her before she was in the street, and forcing her back into the little shop, he told Fred, in a few hurried words, of my peril. In a moment more they were in the wagon at the door which had brought Fred from the depot; and, rousing a few neighbors, they were soon lashing the horses into a gallop, as they bounded over the road and down the lane toward Hazelwood Cottage.

A Diamond Robbery.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

IT was in the palmiest days of the ill-fated Second Empire. The triumphs of the Crimea were not yet forgotten; the laurels won at Magenta were still verdant and fresh; Sedan, with all its bitter humiliation and disastrous train of tragic consequences, loomed in the misty future, undreamt of amidst the almost fabulous luxury and incredible frivolity which paved the way for the final terrible fiasco.

It was an evening in mid-winter. The Parisian winter was at its height, and a brilliant audience had assembled at the Theatre Francais.

The Empress was present, graceful and beautiful; the Emperor at her side, wrapped in his favorite air of gloomy abstraction.

In a box almost immediately opposite that occupied by their imperial majesties, was a young and exceedingly handsome Russian lady, the Countess Ivanoff, concerning whose manifold graces and fascinations the great world of Paris elected to interest itself considerably at this period.

The beauty and wit of this fair northern enchantress were the theme of every masculine tongue, and her magnificent diamonds the envy and admiration of all feminine beholders.

The Countess was accompanied by her husband, a fine man of distinguished prepossessing appearance, who looked an embodied refutation of the celebrated Napoleonic aphorism, as though no amount of 'scratching' could ever unearth the Cossack element underneath his refined polished exterior.

The curtain fell after the first act. The Emperor and Empress withdrew during the *entr'acte*. Many humbler mortals followed their example; among them Count Ivanoff, apparently in no wise disturbed by the fact that the golden youth in the stall were bringing a small battery of opera-glasses to bear upon the dazzling charms of his beautiful wife, with a brazen persistency which the chivalrous Britishers like to flatter themselves is the monopoly of foreigners.

The Countess leant back in her luxurious *fauteuil*, fanning herself dreamily, serenely indifferent to the interest she was exciting. In the dim light of her curtain-shaded box,

the glitter of her splendid diamonds seemed to form a sort of luminous halo round her graceful head; a myriad of starry brilliants gleamed among the masses of her gold-brown hair; and two priceless stones, popularly reported to be worth that unknown quantity, a king's ransom, flashed and twinkled like twin planets in her little shell-tinted ears.

The Count had not been gone five minutes when there was a gentle knock at the door, and, in answer to the Countess's 'Entrez,' the ouvreuse appeared, and said deferentially,

"Pardon, Madame la Comtesse; a gentleman charged with a message from her Majesty the Empress waits in the corridor, and desires to know if madame will have the goodness to receive him."

"Certainly! Enter, I beg of you, monsieur," replied the Countess, in the low suave voice, which was not the least of her many attractions, bowing graciously as she recognised the distinguished-looking civilian she had already noticed in close proximity to the Emperor in the Imperial box.

The visitor advanced a few steps, and, still standing in deep shadow, said with grave dignity,

"I trust my intrusion may be pardoned. I am desired by her Majesty to ask a favor of Madame la Comtesse, and, at the same time, to beg that she will have the goodness to excuse a somewhat unusual request."

"The obligation will be mine if I can fulfil even the least of her Majesty's wishes," answered the the Countess gracefully.

"The case is this," explained the gentleman, in tone of well-bred ease. "An argument has arisen concerning the size of the diamonds in your earrings and those of the Countess W. The Empress begs that you will intrust one of your pendants to her care for a few moments, as the only satisfactory method of disposing of the vexed question. I will myself return it the instant her Majesty gives it back in my keeping."

"With the greatest pleasure," agreed the Countess, with amiable alacrity, detaching the precious jewel forthwith, and depositing it, without misgiving, in the outstretched palm of the imperial messenger; for, indeed, diamonds were almost as plentiful in the existence of this fortunate lady as in the pages of *Lothair*, and she attached no more importance to them than did the jewel-laden heroines of the late great and lamented Premier.

The Countess bestowed a smile and a gracious bow of dismissal upon her Majesty's distinguished ambassador, who responded by a profoundly respectful inclination as he made his exit. Once safely outside the box, the aristocratic features of this high-bred Imperial emissary suddenly lost their serene expression of dignified gravity, and relaxed into a triumphant Mephistophelean grin.

Shortly afterwards Count Ivanoff returned. "I have been talking to D——," he remarked, as he seated himself. "Clever fellow, D——. I am not surprised at the Emperor's partiality for him; he must find him useful when he is in want of an idea."

"Who is D——?" inquired the Countess, with languid interest.

"That is rather a difficult question," replied the Count, smiling, "there are several editions of his biography—all different, probably none of them true. He is successful, which is the chief point; moreover, he is entertaining, and, at any rate, looks and speaks like a gentleman, which in these evil days is something—even much. Tenez, he has just entered the Emperor's box—the man in the black coat."

"Is that M. le Maire de D——?" exclaimed the Countess, waking up to a mild interest in the subject, "if so, he has been here while you were away. He came on the part of the Empress, and carried off one of my earrings, which her Majesty wished to compare with one of the Countess W.'s."

"D——! Impossible! I was talking to him the whole time I was absent, and he only left me at the top of the staircase two seconds before I returned."

"Nevertheless, *mon ami*, he has been here, and has taken my earring. See! it is gone."

"Effectively," agreed the Count, with a grim smile; "but D—— has not taken it. It is to the last degree unlikely that the Empress would make such a request. Depend upon it, you have been the victim of a thief, got up as an accurate copy of the distinguished-looking D——."

"Impossible!" cried the Countess, in her turn. "The affair is absolutely as I tell you. It was Monsieur D——, the veritable Monsieur D—— I see opposite, who came into this box and took away my diamond. Only wait a little, and he will bring it back intact."

"To wait a little is to lessen the chance of its recovery. In any case, I will go and inquire of D——, if I can get at him, whether he has been seized with a sudden attack of kleptomania; because the idea of the Empress having sent him roaming about the theatre, borrowing a lady's jewels, I regard as preposterous. Ah, these Parisian *flâneurs*! You do not know what scientific geniuses they are in their way."

With this the Count departed, and the second act was nearly at an end before he returned.

In the mean time, the Countess perceived that she was an object of interest to the occupants of the Imperial box, and notably to the "double" of her late aristocratic-looking visitor, who, she could still see plainly despite the distance, had stood before her in the flesh.

"I was right," whispered the Count, reentering and bending over his wife's chair; "D—— knows nothing of your earring, and, needless to say, the Empress never sent him or any one else upon such an errand. I have just put the matter into the hands of the police, and they will do all that is possible to recover it."

"Really! How very droll!" remarked the Countess, with calm nonchalance—for she belonged to that order of impassive statuesque women, who remain mistress of themselves through any quantity of "chiffa fall;" "I will take out the other earring, or people may fancy I am trying to set the fashion of wearing an odd one;" and she handed the fellow to the purloined jewel to her husband.

The play came to an end, as even that most excellent feast of reason, a good French play, well acted, must do, sooner or later, in common with all things mundane.

The Countess was duly commiserated by sympathising friends, who one and all declared, behind her back, that *they* would never have been guilty of the imbecility of trusting so valuable a possession to the tender mercies of however fascinating a stranger; but nothing more was heard of the stolen jewel until the following day at noon, when Count Ivanoff received a note from D—— to the effect that, as he could not help considering himself partly responsible for the loss of the diamond which had disappeared through the agency of his counterpart, he had taken an early opportunity of interviewing the Chief of the Police, who assured him he had good reason to believe the thief had already been traced as far as Brussels.

Early in the afternoon the Countess was about to start for her daily drive in the Bois. The frozen snow lay deep upon the ground, and her sledge, with its two jet-black Russian horses jingling their bells merrily in the frosty air, stood waiting in the courtyard while the Countess donned her furs.

A servant entering announced that an officer of police in plain clothes asked permission to speak with Madame la Comtesse concerning the lost diamond.

"But certainly," agreed Madame graciously; "let the officer be shown into the boudoir."

Into the boudoir presently came the Countess, stately, beautiful, fur-clad, buttoning her little gloves. Near the door stood a short wiry-looking man, with keen black eyes, closely-cropped hair, and compact, erect, military figure. The small man clicked his heels together and bowed profoundly in the presence of so much high-born loveliness, while he said with the utmost respect, at the same time laying a letter upon the table.

"I am sent by order of the Chef de Police to inform Madame la Comtesse that the stolen diamond has been satisfactorily traced, but there is unfortunately some little difficulty connected with its identification. I am charged, therefore, to beg that Madame la Comtesse will have the goodness to intrust the fellow carrying to the police for a short period, in order that it may be compared with the one found in the possession of the suspected thief. Madame will find that the letter I bring corroborates my statement."

The Countess glanced hastily through the letter, and ringing the bell desired that her maid might be told to bring the remaining earring immediately; this was done, and the dapper little man, bowing deferentially, departed with the precious duplicate safely in his possession.

The Countess descended to her sledge and drove to the club, to call for her husband *en route* for the Bois. Crossing the Place de la Concorde, she related to him the latest incident in the story of the diamond earring.

"You never were induced to give up the other!" cried Count Ivanoff incredulously.

"But I tell you, *mon ami*, an officer of police came himself to fetch it, bringing a letter from his superior vouching for the truth of his statement."

"If the prefect himself had come, I don't think I should have been enjoined into letting him have it after last night's experience," laughed her husband. "However for the second time of asking, we will go and inquire."

The coachman turned and drove as directed to the Bureau of Police, at which the Count had lodged his complaint the night before. After a somewhat protracted delay the Count rejoined his wife with a semi-grim look of amusement upon his handsome brunette face.

"The police know nothing of your detective or his epistolary efforts," he said, drawing the fur rug up to his chin as the impatient horses sped away merrily over the frozen snow; "it was the wrong man they had got hold of at Brussels. Your second earring has been netted by another member of the light-fingered fraternity, and upon my honor I think he was the more accomplished artist of the two!"

And from that unlucky day to this the Countess Ivanoff's celebrated diamond earrings knew her pretty ears no more.

The Broken Heart.

BY HENRY FRITH.

HE stood before her in all the perfection of his splendid manhood that had won her so surely; she laid his hands—warm, pulsing with vitality, that sent swift electric currents from head to foot of her slender form—his white, strong hands on her shoulders; he let the gaze of his eyes meet her own fully, not caring, perhaps not knowing how it pained her.

"Well?"

She spoke only the one questioning word.

"It has always been that the dearest friends must sometimes say good-bye. It has come to us to-day, Miriam."

Friends—friends!—they two, after all that happy six months—friends!

"But—but I——"

She wanted so to tell him she could not bear it; this sudden tearing out of her life the only light it had ever known, the one great happiness vouchsafed her.

Yet she was a woman, and must keep silent, though her heart-strings break.

He was watching her closely, this man who had made her worship him so, with an adoration that was a religion.

He watched the restraint she thought she had over herself with a keen, pleasurable pride, mingled—only very slightly—with pity.

He certainly could not help it if Miriam Clyde loved him.

He was not to blame if the gods had given him so perfect a face that every woman who saw it thrilled under its beauty.

Certainly he was not obliged to erase his curls, caressing wave, when they were as natural to him as the air he breathed. And if women would fall in love with him, would any man refuse the good the gods gave?

Certainly not Florian Cleveland, of all men in whom to his rare personal beauty was added such keen, fine appreciation of all the good things of this world, such indolent, happy acceptance of the homage he had learned to accept as his particular birthright.

So now he watched Miriam Clyde as her lips quivered in spite of her desperate efforts to control herself; he saw the ominous brightness in her eyes that spoke of tears none the less rebellious that they were crushed; he felt her form shiver and tremble under his touch, and then he stooped and kissed her forehead.

"I have much to thank you for, dear. You have been so good to me all this long, lonely winter, and I never shall forget it. But, you know, I cannot stay longer."

His voice was full of a tenderness that fairly maddened her; his kiss on her forehead would scorch there for ever; and yet he did not seem to care.

To him, his coming, his departure, were only so many pleasant episodes in his life; while she—oh! how could she bear it? And when that keen pang shot through her very soul, telling her it was life or death to her, then she forgot everything, save that she was a woman who loved Florian Cleveland—a woman he did not care about.

She walked up to him, then stopped so near him that he felt the warm, quick, fragrant breathings on his face.

"What did you ever come here for? Why have I been permitted to know you—with all your brilliant beauty of face, your stateliness of form, your voice of perfect melody, your heart, soul and mind touched with a power, a subtle fascination that accords so perfectly with mine?"

She had utterly forgotten herself, this girl who had been all ice until Florian Cleveland had transformed her into fire.

And he listened so courteously, so deprecatingly, and so triumphantly at this his latest, sweetest trophy.

"If I had never seen you, if I had never known you, if——"

Then it rushed over her with sickening force she was committing herself unsolicited; and the hot blood surged over her face in wave after wave.

"Child! poor child, you love me so? Do you, Miriam?"

He led her to the sofa, and leaned against the window while he looked at her, her face hidden in her hands.

She did not answer, and he went on in his low, exquisite voice—

"I am not worthy of you, dear, and besides you know I must go, and why. You know the duty I owe to Hildred Owen, and as her husband you will forget me and be happy. Good-bye, Miriam, dear child."

He kissed her hot, tear-bathed fingers; she never moved a muscle, or made a sound, and he went out, away, for ever.

Desolate—so desolate, as heartsick and heart-sore, this one love of her life thrown back in her face by the one who had taught her what love meant.

She sat there till the night shadows fell.

Weeks and months later, when she would inform everyone that her wedding-dress was ready, and she was waiting for her bridegroom to come, then it was no longer surmised, but known, that Miss Clyde was insane; and in merciful kindness they took her away from home and its associations, to strange, new scenes.

* * * * *

Hildred Owen was a royally beautiful woman, with that about her, distinct, yet impalpable, that betokened her high-breeding, that plainly bespoke her one of Nature's own aristocrats.

And, added to all the other good things Fate and Fortune had favored her with, came the crowning joy and glory of her young, fresh life—the proffered love of Florian Cleveland, who had chosen her for his own.

Now, after a separation of many months, they were to meet, and Hildred thought as she sat with Florian's telegram in her hand, announcing that he would be at the hotel at Hastings where she was staying, within twenty-four hours, that the very culminating point of human bliss was reached.

"I must look my best, my very best when he comes," she thought, with a tender pride that he could find any fault with her. "I will wear my white dress and the Roman pearls he always likes to see—my darling, my own splendid love, my——"

A low, thrilling cry startled her, and then, a voice in tender, coaxing entreaty—

"You had better come in, dear. See—the dew is taking all your curls out."

"How can I come in, auntie, when he will expect to find me waiting for him? I have been waiting so long, haven't I?"

The pitiful pathos in the words smote Hildred to the heart.

Who was coming?—who was waiting?

Then she heard again—

"But if you will only lie down for a while, dear. He won't be here just yet, you know."

"So you always say. How can I get any rest when he does come? If there was music, now, or if somebody would only sing that song I heard once."

Almost with hushed breath Hildred heard the voice wail a verse of a ballad she had often sung herself.

Then, after the low, trembling plaint ceased, came a long, long silence, and Hildred knew there was temporary rest for the sweet-voiced girl in the adjoining room, who, it was plainly evident, was not in her right mind.

Later she learned the piteous story—the girl was insane, hopelessly so, and her one lament was for her lover who had won her and left her.

Hildred's womanly heart was thrilled with the sad story; and that night, when she knelt beside her bed, she thanked God with overflowing heart and eyes that she was so safe, so secure, so happy in Florian's dear love, while this other fair girl was bereft of both happiness and lover.

All that next day Hildred was unusually quiet, even in anticipation of the great happiness in store for her; even when she had attired herself in her exquisite white dress, and wound the pearls on her throat and at her wrists—waiting for him—her pride, her idol, her darling; waiting—so hopefully, while just in the next room she could hear the excited, joyous burden of the girl's heart, who was also waiting—ah! for what?

"I tell you I know he is coming. I can feel it here. I knew the moment he started towards us, and I know he is nearly here. He has kept his word after all; I shall never complain because I have waited so long. There—see! see! didn't I tell you so?"

And close following after that shrill cry of triumph and joy, Hildred heard the rush of flying feet pass her door and descend the stairs.

Then, impelled by a strange curiosity she never had experienced before, she slowly followed, fate-driven, to see Florian Cleveland standing in the hall, and clinging around his neck a pale, wan girl, with eyes of intensest brightness lifted imploringly; and the same voice she heard in the next room speaking to him.

"Florian, my darling, I knew you would come. They all said you wouldn't, but I knew you loved me all the time, and would never forget me. You did kiss me when you went away, didn't you, dear? And now I am all ready and waiting."

The gentleman was as pale as a ghost, and glanced half-guiltily around as if seeking relief from his unwelcome burden.

Then an elderly lady came hurrying down-stairs past Hildred, and sternly confronted him.

"You see the work of your hands, Mr. Cleveland—although I deplore the fate that has directed you to cross this poor child's path again. Come, Miriam, dear."

But she clung closer to him, kissing his hands with an adoration unspeakably touching.

"Not unless Florian goes. Come, dear, will you?"

Then seeing the sternness on his face, she gave a cry of fear.

"Don't look that way—don't be——"

And then, without a second's warning, she fell forward, to be caught in Hildred Owen's outstretched arms.

Then, for the first time, Cleveland saw her, and a deeper shade of horror darkened his face.

"Hilda, my dearest——"

With a superb cresting of her head she silenced him.

"Not now, Madam,"—to the lady in charge of Miriam Clyde—"is there anything I can do of service to you or—her?"

Miss Amy Clyde took the girl's head tenderly on Hildred's bosom, laid her hand over the pulseless heart, then answered with a great quiet reverence—

"Thank you—thank God! no. She has passed beyond the gates. God has been more merciful than man."

With bowed heads they carried her to her chamber, and laid her on her couch, crossed her hands over her heart that, beating, could only love Florian Cleveland; that repulsed by him, had no alternative but to break. And thus one woman waited for his coming.

When they had gone Hildred turned to Cleveland, all her soul shivering in imperious, lightning glances from her eyes.

"How dare you call me dearest, and she has died of love for you; and you—less worthy the sacrifice than of my blind infatuation? Go your ways, and let the memory of this day never leave you. Take back your ring, while I thank God all my life I knew what I now know before it was too late."

She threw the heavy golden band off her finger on the floor at his feet, then, with the tread and air of an empress who has dismissed a disgraced vassal, Hildred Owen withdrew herself from his presence and all possibility of future happiness from his life.

And so another woman waited for him—an unconsciously-constituted Nemesis of Miriam Clyde's wrongs.

OFFICE seeks the man in Wapella, Ill., and does not find him at times. A man willing to act as Mayor of that place was being vainly sought for recently.

Our Young Folks.

THE MAGIC MUSIC.

BY PIPKIN.

CHAPTER I.

"IT was the nightingale singing to the rose," said the girl, bending over the flowers. "I heard it all through the night, when the moon was shining into my room."

"No, it was not."

And the brook danced by—such a tiny little silver streak, winding through the ferns and mosses, that the girl could scarcely see it. But she certainly heard it for no other voice could be so sweet.

"Did you see the lilies in the moonlight?" continued the voice; "they looked like pearl and ivory."

"Then, does the nightingale like the lilies best?" asked the girl."

"I do not know. But what has the nightingale to do with it?"

The girl looked down at the lilies, and one of them seemed to nod to her, and its perfumed breath rose up, until a delicate cloud, like incense, spread around her.

And suddenly the same sweet strain of music that she had heard in the night sounded from afar off. Yes, it was the same tune; she was sure it was; she knew it quite well; she had been humming it over and over as she stood beside the flowers.

As if moved by a sudden thought, she stretched out her hand, and gathered the lily that had nodded to her. And as she did so the music grew louder and louder, and instead of the tiny brook dancing through the ferns and mosses, she saw a great sea, that shone like glittering gold in the sunlight. And in the distance was a shadowy purple island, all indistinct in the golden haze around it. She could not clearly make out its outlines, but she fancied she could trace the towers and turrets of a stately castle. And as the music grew clearer and clearer the island appeared to move towards her, and the waves of the golden sea came dashing up towards her feet. The waters already covered part of the garden in which she was wandering, and some of the roses were beginning to disappear, and the girl felt afraid lest she should be drowned.

She threw down the lily, and as she did so she heard a sudden cry, and the music died away in a low wail, the purple island and the glittering sea vanished, and the little brook again danced along.

She wondered whatever it could mean.

The girl fancied it was saying—

"Alas! alas!"

Then she fled home, without stopping to pick up the lily.

CHAPTER II.

THE girl lay sleeping in her little bedroom; she had left the window open, because the night was warm. The moon was shining in, but it did not wake her: neither did the little wood-elves, who had climbed up the great vine, and had swarmed in at the window. Such numbers of them! Some were sitting on the pillow stroking her hair, and whispering into her ears, "Sleep, sleep, sleep," and others were holding her eyelids fast closed, so that she could not open them to see what was going on.

Some of them were dancing round in rings upon the soft white coverlet, and others playing all sorts of pranks about the room.

The girl neither saw them nor heard them: she was too fast asleep for that.

She did not even dream of them, but was dreaming of something very different from wood-elves, or mountain-elves, or any other sort of fay or fairy.

No; she dreamed that she heard some one singing—

"Up the stairs, if you will go
You'll hear a tapping, tapping
At a door, for there you know
A little child is rapping,
Rapping, tapping, all the day
Tapping, rapping, tapping

"No, I don't know anything of the kind," said the girl, moving so suddenly in her sleep that a score of wood-elves fell, heels over head, from the bed to the floor.

"If you don't, if you'll go up
The staircase, you will find her;
She wears [illegible]
So you can get to [illegible]

went on the song.

"And what will be the use of that?" murmured the girl in her dream.

"Why, you will help her, I suppose,
To reach up to the knocker.
You must not startle her, for that
Most certainly would shock her."

"It was the sea and the castle in the sunlight," said the girl, "and now it is something quite as ridiculous: a little child standing at a door knocking. That comes of the moonlight. And the music is going on all the time."

She was speaking quite loudly now, and she suddenly opened her eyes, in spite of the wood-elves, who crept down from the bed, and hid themselves in the folds of the curtains, for they did not want the girl to know that they were there.

"It's the music that waked me," said the girl, getting up in bed and listening; "it's the same song over and over again, only I can't make out the words, excepting, 'Come, come, come,' and then something about the sea. But that is very absurd, for there is no sea near here. The moon knows that as well as I do, for the moon looks down, and sees there are only fields and woods and orchards, and beautiful gardens full of flowers. I wish I were not dreaming all the time. The music is a dream too; I thought it was the nightingale; and I dare say it is, and that if I look out of the window I should see about a dozen nightingales sitting in a row, for it would take a dozen quite to make such loud music as I hear in the moonlight."

And the girl shook back her long hair, and jumped out of bed and went to the window: but she could see nothing, for pressed tightly against the window was a great white lily, just like the one she had thrown down, only instead of being of the ordinary size, it was so large that it covered all the panes of glass and also the open part of the window, so that it was quite impossible to look out. The stalk was towards her.

"I'm like an umbrella white,
Keeping off the sun or rain;
Keeping out the bright moonlight,
Keeping in the wood-elves' train."

said the lily. Then it continued—

"Yes, you threw me down in fright,
But I've come to you to-night.
Take me in your hand, and see
What will be the my purpose be."

The girl was silent for a moment; everything was so strange: the beautiful music, the talking brook, and now the talking flower.

"I will not have anything to do with any of you," she said, giving the flower a push to send it away from the window.

But no sooner had she touched it than the flower shrank to its natural size, and remained in her hand, which was so tightly closed that she could not open it again,

"Away, away,
Each elf and fay!"

murmured the lily; and there was a soft rush as of many tiny wings, and the girl felt herself carried through the air.

This was the work of the wood-elves, who were there to help the lily. But the girl scarcely knew what was happening, she was listening to the music, which was so grand and beautiful that she forgot everything else.

CHAPTER III.

WAS the girl the fairy queen? She began to think that she must be, as she sat on some marble steps in the wood. She was dressed in white, and had long silk stockings; and a veil of shining gossamer was fastened on her head with a gold band, and it fell down to her feet, and wrapped her round like a glittering cloud, and she held the lily in her hand. And the music pealed on like a grand triumphal march, and made the girl feel very proud and joyful.

Not very far off there was a carved chair, with some velvet cushions upon it.

"Perhaps for me to be crowned in," said the girl, tossing her head. "I wonder where my crown is?"

And as she said this she heard a burst of laughter, as if a thousand grasshoppers were chirping. And an owl seated not far off said—

"Only queens are crowned, little girl."

"How do you know I am not a queen?" asked the girl, angrily. "Look at my dress and my veil."

But the owl only said—

"Tu-whit, tu-whoo! tu-whit, tu-whoo!" and laughed so loudly that all the wood-elves began to laugh also; so did the birds and the frogs, and even the flowers. And the echoes answered back again.

There was so much noise that a troop of little sailors came running up from the shore to see what was the matter.

"Are you ready?" said they to the girl; "the boat is waiting

With its silken sails,
The moon shines clear and bright;
There's no fear of stormy gales
Upon the sea to-night."

"I don't know what you are talking about," answered the girl. "There is no sea near here, and if there is I am not going upon it."

But the sailors had wheeled the carved chair close to the marble steps, and they went on speaking—

"To-night upon the sea we go,
And you with us must sail,
Step in; the tide is up, and we
Must start off without fail."

And the girl found herself in the chair, which the sailors pushed down to the beach.

On the sea was a fine boat, with silken sails and a crimson flag.

The boat had a gilt figure-head, and its sides were painted blue and gold. A red velvet carpet was spread upon the deck, and the sailors, having hoisted the girl in the chair up the side of the vessel, placed her upon the velvet carpet, and she found herself sailing fast away from the land before she had time to think of how she had got there.

The sailors were all standing at one end of the deck playing upon various musical instruments and the tune they played seemed to answer back the beautiful music that she had heard for so many days floating in the air. Also the sailors sang—

"Away it sails, the music-ship,
Over the moonlit sea,
And the trumpet that the captain blows
Is the only rudder the vessel knows,
As we sail so merrily,
The fiddles, and fifes, and drums, and horns
All carry the ship along,
It shapes its course by the cymbal clash
To the land of music and song."

The girl did not quite understand what the sailors meant by their strange song. It did not seem to be altogether sense to her, but she supposed that they knew where they were going. Still she asked—

"Whither are we sailing?"

"Don't you hear the music calling to us from the castle?" said the captain: "the castle on the purple island in the golden sea. We are sailing there; the music has spoken to us many times, but we did not attend to it until now."

"Has it called me?" asked the girl.

And she thought of the beautiful tune that had seemed to say "Come, come." And now, as they sailed beneath the castle walls, the tune issued forth very clear, sweet, and strong from an open window.

"It is the master of the castle; he plays night and day, and is always inviting those who love music to come and dwell with him."

The girl looked up at the stately castle.

"If I had known that, I should have come here before."

"No you would not."

"Why?"

"Because no one would have brought you. You can only come at the right time. Hush!"

CHAPTER IV.

HUSH!" said the captain; "we must not make any noise. Do not speak again.

Go like a mouse
Into the house,
Up the stairs creep
Though they are steep;
There you will find,
If you're not blind,
A little child who's softly tapping,
Tapping, rapping, rapping, tapping,
Rapping, tapping at the door
Though the knocker is so high,
Yet she still doth try and try
You must knock, and it will fly
Open little or no, good-bye."

"Why, that was in the dream; and if you please, captain, tell me where I am, and who is the child, and——"

But the captain had gone, so had the sailors, so had the ship.

The girl went slowly up the steps to the castle door, which being open, she entered in, and found herself in a great hall, from which a staircase wound up and up and through a great many stories.

"I must go," she said; for the music that sounded through the castle seemed to speak to her, and bid her come.

And on and on she went, and on the seventh story she paused: for at a door she saw a child tapping and rapping, and trying to reach the knocker.

Softly the girl went behind the little one, who never turned round, but clutched in her hand a lily similar to the one the girl held. She reached above the child's head, and knocked loudly. And lo! a bugle-blast answered, and the door flew open, and the girl and child entered in together. They wandered through beautiful rooms, listening ever to the music, and at last they came to one where on a couch lay the master of the castle playing upon a lute.

If the music had sounded sweet in the distance, it sounded far sweeter now, and the two paused on the threshold.

But the master said—

"Welcome to the Castle of Song, for none but true musicians find their way here."

And then the child knelt down beside him, and said to him—

"I tried to come, but I could not knock loudly enough."

And the girl said—

"I do not think I tried to come, though the music was so beautiful. Did you send for me?"

The master of the castle smiled, and answered—

"The music brought you."

Then the girl remembered that the boat sailed by music, and as she looked through the open window and saw it sailing away in the distance, she asked—

"Will it bring others, too?"

And the master of the castle replied—

"In time, in time."

How Chewing-Gum is Made.—Petroleum is the great foundation of most of our chewing-gum, said a confectioner. You see that marble-like block on the counter. A few days ago that came out of the ground in Pennsylvania a dirty greenish-brown fluid. The oil refiners took it and put it through a lot of chemical processes that I know nothing about, and, after taking out a large percentage of kerosene, a good share of naphtha, considerable benzine, a cartload or so of tar and a number of other things with names longer than the alphabet, left us this mass of nice clean wax known as paraffine. There isn't any taste to it, and no more smell than there is to a china plate. We will take this lump, cut it up, and melt in boilers. This piece will weigh 200 pounds. We add thirty pounds of cheap sugar to it and flavor it with vanilla, wintergreen, peppermint or any essential oil. Then we turn it out on a marble table and cut it into all sorts of shapes with dies. After it is wrapped in oiled tissue paper and packed in boxes it is ready for the market. You can imagine that somebody is chewing gum in this country when I tell you that a lump like this will make 10,000 penny cakes, and we use one up every week. There are dozens of manufacturers using almost as much of the wax as we do.

Thin hair may be thickened, weak hair strengthened, and the color restored to faded gray hair, by using Ayer's Hair Vigor.

TALE OF A RAT.

A worthy saddler had once prepared a number of strips of leather, and having greased them well, he laid them in a box, but strange to say, they disappeared one by one, no one knew how. However, one day, as he was sitting at work in his shop, he saw a large black rat shyly poke his head up out of a hole in the corner of the room and look around him. Then, seeing all quiet, out he came and ran straight to the box which contained the leather strips. In he dived, quickly reappearing with a dainty apiece in his mouth, and, scampering off to his hole, he vanished. The saddler resolved to catch the thief the next time he came forth, which he did by propping up a sieve with a small stick and placing under it a piece of toasted cheese.

The moment the rat began to nibble the cheese down came the sieve and he was made prisoner. Upon which the saddler armed himself with a stick to kill the mischievous animal, but what was his astonishment when he lifted the sieve, to see the rat remain perfectly still for a minute and then walk gently up his arm, and looking up beseechingly in his face, seemed to say: "I am a poor innocent creature, and if your wife will lock up all the good things in the cupboard, I must eat the prepared things, for rats must live as well as you." The saddler was so touched by his appealing looks that he answered, "Tom, I meant to kill you, but now I will not, so let us be friends. I'll put you by some bread and cheese every day if you will leave my leather alone."

He then put the animal down and he leisurely retreated to his hole. For a long time afterwards the rat found his breakfast regularly placed for him at the mouth of his hole, in grateful return for which he became quite tame, running about the shop and inquisitively turning over everything on the bench at which his protector was at work, but never again did he steal any things. He would even accompany his master to the stables when he went to attend to his pony, and pick up the corn as it fell from the manger, wisely keeping a respectful distance from the pony's legs. His chief delight was to bask in the warm window-sill, stretching his full length in the mid-day sun.

This luxurious habit unfortunately caused his untimely end, for as he lay at his ease one hot day taking his siesta a dog belonging to an opposite house espied him, and dashed through the window. The poor rat awoke, alas! too late to save himself from the teeth of his enemy. The dog's master, hearing from the saddler the rat's history, had him stuffed, and with a silver chain round his neck, his remains form to this day a handsome addition to the shop window of a bird-dealer in London.

Trying to Please.—Nothing contributes more certainly to the animal spirits than benevolence. Servants and common people are always about you; make moderate attempts to please everbody and the effort will insensibly lead you to a more happy state of mind. Pleasure is very reflective, and if you give it you will feel it. The pleasure you give by kindness of manner returns to you, and often with compound interest. The receipt for cheerfulness is not to have one motive only in the day for living, but a number of little motives; a man who from the time he rises till bedtime conducts himself like a gentleman, who throws some little condescension into his manner to inferiors, and who is always contriving to soften the distance between himself and the poor and ignorant, is always improving his animal spirits, and adding to his happiness. I recommend lights as a great improver of animal spirits. How is it possible to be happy with two tallow candles ill snuffed? You may be virtuous and wise and good, but two candles will not do for animal spirits. Every night the room in which I sit is lighted up like a town after a great naval victory, and in this cereous galaxy, and with a blazing fire, it is scarcely possible to be low-spirited, a thousand pleasing images spring up in the mind, and I can see the little blue demons scampering off like parish boys pursued by the beadle. S. S.

Little Sins.—You make light of them now, but they are not to be trifled with; they creep on so stealthily that you scarcely notice them; by-and-by you will find it impossible to turn them out. I think of the Indian story of the tiny dwarf, who asked the king to give him all the ground he could cover with three strides. The king seeing him so small, said "certainly." Whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a huge giant, covered all the land with the first stride, all the water with the second, and with the third knocked the king down and then took his throne. M. S.

A Detroit paper relates that one night last week a woman and gentleman, the former about 30 years old, the latter 60, were snow-bound at Williamston. In their tribulation the two hearts were attracted toward each other, and though they had been acquainted but a few hours the old man proposed matrimony, the woman accepted, and they were married by a justice of the peace.

Salvation Oil relieves instantly and cures speedily all bodily pain. Price, twenty-five cents.

Salvation Oil, the cheapest and best pain-cure on earth. Price, twenty five cents a bottle.

SPRINGTIDE.

BY J. D. K.

Now spring, in tuneful numbers singing,
Trills her merry roundelays,
And through the perfum'd air is ringing
Nature's joyous hymn of praise;
But O mine own, thou comest not,
And Springtime love is soon forgot!

Now gently 'neath the sun's caressings,
Sweet spring blossoms nod and blush;
Though nature's heart yields praise for blessings,
O'er my heart there comes a hush:
For O mine own, thou comest not,
And Springtide love is soon forgot!

Now warbling songsters sweet are wooing
To themselves their bright-eyed mates,
And pleadingly the dove's soft cooing
Speaks to listening dove that waits:
Yet O mine own, thou comest not,
And Springtime love is soon forgot!

One year ago we went a-Maying,
Blossoms scented every nook,
And gently went our feet a-straying
Down beside a shadow'd brook:
But now, mine own, thou comest not,
And Springtime love is soon forgot!

And as beside the brook we rested,
Just this spring one year ago,
My love in that sweet spot sequester'd
Breathed, "I love you," soft and low;
Yet now, mine own, thou comest not,
And Springtime love is soon forgot!

Though earth has burst its winter prison,
Basking in spring's balmy air,
Yet in my heart no spring has risen,
For my love lies buried there;
Mine own, mine own, thou comest not,
And Springtime love is soon forgot!

IN MAN'S IMAGE.

A PIECE of interesting news comes from Egypt regarding a discovery recently made in Lower Egypt, of the fragments of a colossal statue of King Rameses II., which, calculating the height from the fragments which remain, must have stood considerably over one hundred feet in height! The material employed is granite; and the executing of such a work in such a material, and, when completed, raising it into position, must have involved a profound knowledge not only of high art, but of engineering skill. Is it possible that the statue could have been cut out whole in one piece? If so, what lever-power did the Egyptians possess to raise such an enormous weight into a perpendicular position? Certain it is that these ancient builders knew well how to get over, and did get over, prodigious difficulties, as witness their obelisks, and the enormous stones which compose the platform of the magnificent Temple of the Sun at Baalbec. As there is no stone quarry near, how these vast stones could possibly have been conveyed thither in the first place, and then raised to their position, has been an enigma to all modern architects and engineers by whom the temple has been critically examined, and who have freely confessed that, even with all our modern science of steam cranes, hydraulic jacks, and railways, the transport and raising of such cyclopean masses would have undoubtedly have presented many serious difficulties, if, indeed, it could be accomplished at all.

The most colossal, and by far the most remarkable, statue of modern days is that most elaborate and rather eccentric gift of the French nation to the people of this country. Not only is it remarkable for its enormous height and gigantic proportions, but for the very singular and ingenious manner in which it has been constructed—so singular, indeed, that at first sight it is somewhat difficult to comprehend the manner in which it has been built up piece by piece, especially when we mention that the several pieces of copper composing the figure have *not* been cast. How, then, have they been made? This we will try to explain.

The statue is a female figure of Liberty, having on her head a crown, and holding aloft in her hand a torch. The figure is one hundred and five feet high; but, reckoning the extreme height to the top of the torch, the marvelous altitude of one hundred and thirty-seven feet nine inches is reached. The statue is to be reared on a pedestal of solid granite eighty-three feet high, so that the entire work will rise to the immense height of two hundred and twenty feet nine inches!

Having first carefully constructed a model in clay about life-size, this was repeatedly enlarged until the necessary form and size were obtained. The next step was to obtain plaster casts from the clay, and these casts were then reproduced by clever artists in hard wood. The wooden blocks were then in their turn placed in the hands of coppersmiths, who, by the hammer alone, it is stated, gave the copper sheets the exact form of the wooden moulds or models; and thus, in this peculiar and laborious manner, the outside copper "skin" of the statue was formed and, to all outward appearance, comp'eted. But, as the copper is only one-eighth of an inch thick, an inner skin is also provided, placed about a foot behind the first, whilst the intermediate space will be filled with sand, especially at the lower extremities, to give the whole a steadfast foundation.

It is proposed to place this gigantic "Liberty" on Bedloe's Island, a very small islet lying about two miles south of the Battery and Castle Garden, the lowest point of the island of Manhattan, on which the city of New York is built, so that travelers approaching the city by water on that side will get a fine view of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

This mighty work of art, after many years of anxious labor, has formally been handed over to the United States minister in France by the French Government to the people of America—a token of love and admiration from the one republic to the other—and measures are being adopted to take the statue to pieces, with a view to its immediate transmission to New York, in which go-ahead city we shall doubtless soon hear of its final erection.

If the discovery of the remains o gthe gigantic statue of Rameses II., in Lower Egypt, one hundred feet high, of solid granite, is the largest statue of antiquity, the "Liberty" of M. Barthold may certainly take rank as the most colossal production of modern days.

Grains of Gold.

How blind the eye that can see no God in nature.

Gold, when present, causeth fear; when absent, grief.

De whitest shirt am sometimes got in de blackest way.

A colt you may break, but an old horse you never can.

He has but sorry food that feasts upon the faults of others.

He that falls in the dirt, the longer he lies the dirtier he is.

He has riches enough who needs neither borrow nor flatter.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

He is a slave of the greatest slave who serveth nothing but himself.

If tradesmen make their weights lighter, they make their sins heavier.

Such as give ear to slanderers are but one degree better themselves.

The progress of rivers to the ocean is not so rapid as that of man to error.

The action is best that procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.

Only by faith can you run the race which is set before you, as before those of old.

Failure after long perseverance is much nobler than never to have striven and so have incurred failure.

De pusson wid a foul mouf is de pusson wid a foul min'. De groun' itself am rank whar de smartweed grows.

So far from duty and happiness being antagonists, they are necessary each to each for their perfect development.

Character is a mosaic which takes a lifetime for its completion; and trifles, the little things of life, are the instruments most used in preparing each precious stone for its place.

There can never be a just, true and righteous life where the element of happiness is ignored or contemned, and there can never be true happiness where a life of duty is scorned or avoided.

Human nature requires change for its recreation. "Variety is charming," not only because it is variety, but because continuous effort in one direction produces lassitude, staleness, and decrease of power.

If the will is strong, the principles firm, the courage high, the power of self-control established, then whatever knowledge there is, be it little or much, will be turned into a living force which will tell upon the future work and life.

Pleasure is a silken cord composed of exquisite cobwebs, and floods of rich sunshine give it a beautiful hue. Duty is a golden rope, which once thrown over our necks, leads us unwillingly where pleasure is obliged to follow.

It is impossible for a thoroughly selfish person to be a strictly just one. He may fancy that he is, but he is too much absorbed with his own interests, and too indifferent to those of others, to be able to see what justice demands, or gain any adequate idea of its claims.

A bird may be shot upward to the skies by a foreign force; but it rises, in the true sense of the word, only when it spreads its own wings and soars by its own living power. So a man may be thrust upward into a conspicuous place by outward accidents; but he rises only in so far as he exerts himself, and ascends by a free effort to a nobler region of thought and action.

Femininities.

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture.

A French woman, who aspires to dentistry, is performing street operations in Augusta, Ga.

A Cincinnati man claims to have a wife so hot-tempered that he can light a cigar from the flash of her eyes.

Whenever you are angry with one you love, think that that dear one might die that moment, and your anger will vanish at once.

A new orchestral club in Boston, which gave its first concert there, recently, contains nine ladies among its first and second violinists.

A marriage license at Hartford, Conn., averages $1.20 in cost, and a paper of that city asserts that "occasionally it is money well invested."

No man has ever lived a right life who has not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage and guided by her discretion.

An Oakland obituary notice referred to a deceased citizen as having "gone to a happier home." The widow is thinking about entering a suit for libel.

"Are you sure you are converted?" asked Mr. Spurgeon of a devout housemaid. "Deed, sir, I think that I am, for I sweep under the beds and in the dark corners."

If a man really knew himself to be so wicked and mean as his mother-in-law often reckons him to be, he'd feel too depraved to hire himself out as a hitching-post.

Fashionable ma—"Children, children! stop that noise! Sit down and keep quiet." Children—"Why, what's the matter, ma?" Ma—"Sh! doggie's taking his nap."

"My husband is troubled with insomnia," remarked Mrs. Gray. "Is he?" replied Mrs. Green. "I thought something was the matter with him; don't you think he needs rest?"

Love is a habit. God has given to us the love of relations and friends, the love of father and mother, brother, sister and friend, to prepare us gradually for the love of God.

"More den half de 'lection ob dis heah world is put on," says an old darkey. "De grapevine doan' cling ter de limb 'case it lubs de tree, but 'case it wants de tree ter hol' it up."

Miss Stockunbond (at the concert): "What are they playing?" Enthusiast: "'Siegfried's Death,' you know, by Wagner." Miss S.: "What did he die of? It must have been sta."

"He tried to kiss me, and I just told him to behave," said an irate young lady, after a sleigh-ride not a great while since. "Well, did he kiss you?" asked her friend. "No, the idiot, he behaved."

He had an auburn-haired girl, and promised to take her out riding. She met him at the door when he drove up, and he exclaimed: "Hello! Ready?" She misunderstood him, and they don't speak now.

"I don't suppose you know what hard times are," said a man to one of the house servants of the Baroness Rothschild, in Paris. "Oh, yes, we do; for it's only this morning that I saw the baroness and her daughter playing on the piano."

Elderly widower—"If ever I marry again it will only be to some young and innocent woman, who, I can be sure, will love me as long as she lives." Outspoken friend—"Humph! You can think yourself lucky if you get one that will love you as long as you live."

Firm mother to boy—"Didn't I tell you that I'd whip you if you played in that water again, say?" Boy—"Yessum." Firm mother—"Then why did you do it?" Boy—"Because I didn't believe you." Firm mother—"Never mind, you shan't go down town with me when I go, see if you do." Shortly afterwards the firm mother and the boy go down town together.

Wedding outfits are frequently hired in France, and many firms make a specialty of letting bridal toilettes, including prayer-book, orange blossom wreaths and dress. A most sensible custom prevails among the Swiss peasantry, of having bridal dresses made of good black silk, thus providing the bride with a handsome, serviceable dress for future wear.

"In our country," said an Englishman, as he leaned back in his chair, "before we marry, we arrange to settle a certain sum upon the wife." "Yes, I know," replied the American; "but with us it is after they are married that a certain class settle everything on the wife and arrange to beat their creditors." "Ha! I see! And how do the creditors take it?" "Take it? Why they never find anything to take."

A widow called at the sculptor's studio to see the clay model of the bust of her husband. "I can change it in any particular that you may desire, madam," said the artist. The woman regarded it with tearful eyes. "The nose is large." "A large nose is an indication of goodness," responded the attentive and versatile artist. The widow wiped away her tears and sobbed, "Well, then, make the nose larger."

"Why is it that the attendants in telephone offices are all women?" Mrs. Brown made this inquiry of her husband. "Well," answered Mr. Brown, "the managers of the telephone offices are well aware that no class of attendants work so faithfully as those who are in love with their labor; and they know that women are fond of the work in telephone offices." "What is the work in a telephone office?" Mrs. Brown further inquired. "Talking," answered Mr. Brown. And the conversation came to an end.

"Your wife is quite a vocalist." "Yes, and I encourage her in it, as far as is in my power." "Quite right, too, for music is a divine art. I think it is the most elevating and purifying of all arts; and Shakspeare was right when he said that the man who has not music in his soul is fit for treason stratagems, and spoils. Don't you love music?" "Very much, indeed!" "And your wife's singing, I should think, would please you greatly?" "It does—it does, I assure you; for, when she sings, she can't talk, and—" The lady came in at that moment, and the conversation was not continued.

News Notes.

The Washington Monument weighs 90,000 tons.

There are upward of 33,000 deaf mutes in the United States.

The American stove and rocking-chair have appeared in Rome.

The custom of wearing mourning for remote relatives is dying out.

Not a solitary young man in Oglethorpe, Ga., it is said, chews tobacco.

A new word—"literarian," a person devoted to literary pursuits—has been coined.

In Porto Rico an outlay of $2 will clothe an entire family of six persons for a year.

About 1,250,000 cat-skins are used annually by furriers, and about 250,000 skunk-skins.

The Arabs grind their coffee as fine as flour and boil it in a copper saucepan without a lid.

A Boston physician says that roller-skating tends inevitably to deform and enlarge the feet.

The Board of Health in Nashville, Tennessee, has determined to cut down all the mulberry trees.

Forty-seven foxes have been caught by a North Carolina hound within the past nine or ten months.

Last year twenty-three cigarette factories of Germany turned out something like 187,000,000 cigarettes.

To recover an old gray goose worth forty cents, claimed by a neighbor, cost a Kentucky litigant $40.

A piece of the original George Washington cherry tree is on exhibition at a church fair at the National Capital.

The sacred concerts of the New York Sunday include dancing and trapeze performances between the music.

There are 12,000,000 acres of uncultivated land in New York State, of which 5,000,000 acres are covered with forests.

A farmer of Terrell county, Ga., boasts of a mule which he owns that has been actively at work for the past thirty-four years.

A man in the western part of this State considerately boards at a hotel, in order that his wife can have time to attend the skating-rink.

Statistics show that the death-rate, contrary to the generally held opinion, is higher through a hard, cold winter than a mild, open one.

Instances of human beings being attacked with glanders are becoming more frequent, no less than three such cases being reported from Illinois.

On Indianapolis street-railways car drivers are furnished hot coffee free by the companies at four different points along their respective routes.

The people of Greenville, Ga., are so proud of their new railroad that the Superior Court adjourned the other day to see a freight train come in.

A suit was recently instituted at Mitchell, Ind., by a young man to recover money and presents given by him to a grass widow during their marriage engagement.

How many Governors of States can you name? So little fame attaches to that office that a company of five could not tell more than four of the thirty-eight.

An eagle, whose record was kept from year to year, it is stated, died recently in Vienna at the probable age of 120 years. It was kept in confinement for 104 years.

A man died in Buffalo the other day from the effects of cutting a corn. The toe was injured, and amputation became necessary, when gangrene set in, resulting in death.

Black walnut sawdust is now mixed with linseed gum, and molded into ornamentation for furniture. When varnished it is handsome, and more durable than carved work.

Yellow Hawk, formerly a Dakota Indian chief, but now pastor of a self-supporting Indian church, is making a good impression among the church people in Danbury, Conn.

A mounthin hunter living in Rabun county, Ga., recently killed five rabbits at one shot, the rabbits being all huddled together in an old hollow log to keep warm during a snow storm.

A Minnesota man is lobbying in the State Legislature to have a bill passed to give him a first-class sleigh. He says there is plenty of snow on the ground and plenty of money in the treasury.

Even the redskins are indulging in baseball, and, what is more, with success, a nine composed of Digger Indians recently having beaten a number of white boys on the Chico Rancho, in California.

A person sleeping on his right side, according to a celebrated French physiologist, will have incoherent and absurd dreams, but, when sleeping on the left side, the dreams will be of an intelligent nature.

With the sunflower stalks produced on one acre of land, a Minnesota farmer reports he can keep "one stove going" for six months. The seed produced is fed to fowls, which pays for all the work of cultivation.

An East Third street family in New York has recently been much annoyed and mystified by the finding of chocolate caramels, in which bent pins were concealed, scattered in the house so that the children would find them.

At Athens, Ga., during a recent performance at the Opera House, the local orchestra played "Billy in the Low Lands" during the execution of the Earl of Essex, while Queen Elizabeth yielded up the ghost to the tune of "Dixie."

Small candles, remarkable for the purity and brilliancy of the light they give, are now imported into Europe from China, where they are made from wax supplied by minute insects bred for that purpose by the poorer class of Chinese.

Mother Anita.

BY JAMES E. MEARS.

NO long-robed Abbess, moving with stately step among her nuns and novices—only the daughter of a poor Cape Cod fisherman was this "Mother Anita," whose little story I am going to tell you, translating it from the rough phrase of the rude but kindly people among whom I spent my last summer's vacation, into a few simple words of my own. I do not thing that you will call it a sad story; it was not such to me, although I traced it backward from its closing chapter written on marble in the little grave yard:

MOTHER ANITA.
Aged 26 years.

Not sad, since death, coming however early, cannot mar the proportions of a beautiful life. The power of the iconoclast stops with outward form—the fair ideal remains evermore a part of the world's incorruptible treasure.

Anita's sweet, foreign name suited her well. Perhaps its choice had been guided by some subtle mother instinct, springing, arbutus-like, out of the rough soil and amidst the stern snows of circumstance.

Her features were a rare study combining the beauty and nameless grace for which we do not often look among those whose very life seems a continual war with hostile elements. But Nature, in touching the face of her child to a marvelous perfection, had acted in tender obedience to the great law of compensation traceable through all the works and ways of God—for Anita was hopelessly hunchbacked. Her deformity was the key to all her life. Doomed to a certain solitude and isolation from the work and play of her sturdy brothers and sisters, debarred from active participation in so many of their interests, the child was thoughtful and sensitive far beyond her years.

Anita's face expressed a sad history. The sorrowful mystery of her lot sometimes weighed very heavily upon her, but could not shake her simple trust that God made her, remembered and loved her still. The rough fisherman, who often looked after her with tender whispers as she passed, felt perhaps that her brow, saintly under its crown of suffering, although they would hardly have put the vague fancy in words.

The long, low reach of windy coast, extending for many miles along the Cape, is always peculiarly dangerous for vessels disabled by a north-west gale; but the oldest sailors could remember no more fatal season than the fall and winter when Anita was eight years old. As many as twenty sail were known to go to pieces in a single dreadful day upon the bar outside the harbor of the little fishing village. There was no lack of brave hearts and willing hands to give aid, when aid was possible; but too often human strength and sympathy stood powerless on the shore and saw the pitiless surges engulf their victims, leaving no trace behind.

Sometimes an incoming wave, like some huge feline creature, would toss its helpless prey, in cruel sport, far up the sandy beach, and so it happened that one night a spar, with the form of a woman lashed upon it, was dropped at the very feet of Anita's father, sturdy John Grey. When the piece of sailcloth fastened about her was unwound, a child was found tightly clasped in the arms of the poor dead mother—a little boy perhaps of a year old. John Grey, feeling hastily for the little heart, thought he discerned some lingering thrill of life, and set off for his cottage at a swinging run, leaving his companions to follow more slowly with their sadder and heavier burden.

Anita, who had been standing at the window, straining her eyes into the darkness, and listening in awe-struck silence to the boom of the breakers and the rush and roar of the storm outside, met him at the door with outstretched arms, and a look which seemed to comprehend the situation in a moment. Scarcely knowing why he did did so, the fisherman laid the child in her arms. A wonderful light broke over her eager face.

"Oh, mother! mother! You can save him!" she cried.

The fisherman's wife, as was needful, was well versed in all the lore of restoratives, and before two hours had passed the poor little waif thus snatched out of the teeth of the sea slept peacefully in Anita's arms. A royal child he was, strong-limbed and beautiful, the blue net-work of veins showing with startling distinctness through the white transparent skin of his temples. His little garments testified to the proud and tender care which had been taken of him; but nothing found upon him or his mother gave any clue to their identity. The sea kept its secret well, for no other token of the hapless wreck ever came to land.

"Well, mother," said John Grey's gruff but not unkindly voice, one day, "the little un must go to the Asylum, I s'pose?"

"I don't know," was his wife's hesitant answer, the universal mother tenderness looking through her eyes; "maybe we could keep it ourselves, John?"

"No!" was the decided reply. "No! the child'll be well took care of there, and you've got no extra pair o' hands for babytendin', let alone its bein' hard enough sometimes to put bread into the mouths of our own."

Anita rose up from her low seat by the fire, with the baby gathered close to her throbbing heart, and stood before her father. Some great change had come over her; for one brief moment the soul within seemed to wrest from an untoward fate the boon of erect grace for the childish, misshapen form. Two sparks like fire glowed in her eyes, and her lips were pressed tightly together.

"Anity! Bless me! what ails the child?"

"Father!" she said, pointing over her shoulder; "Father, I am not like other children. I never can do what they do, or have what they have. Sometimes I've thought I wasn't of any use. Give me the baby!"

The fisherman tried to draw her down upon his knee. There was a world of unspoken tenderness in the rough caress.

"Child," he said "what could you do with it—a little thing like you?"

"Oh, I could take care of him—I know—I know I could!" she answered, her voice falling into a low recitative, the undertone of resistless emotion. "No one need mind him but me, and I would never, never be tired! Oh, father! father! God gave him to me out of the roaring seas—to me, father! You won't take him away?"

He drew his coarse sleeve across his eyes.

"What do you say, mother?"

His wife was weeping.

"Anity's a handy little thing, and powerful womanly for her age. I guess we might let her try, father."

The unnatural glow faded from the child's face, the little strained figure relaxed and she sank down in her place, sobbing hysterically. As her tears fell on its forehead the babe turned uneasily; but at its first low moan Anita was quiet in an instant. A marvelous expression of age and self-reliance came into her face. She held the child closer, and commenced a low crooning lullaby.

The fisherman rose and went out beckoning to his wife.

"Mother," he said, "I've a notion it's God's work for the child—leastways, I can't gainsay her!"

Months were counted into years, and there was none to interfere with Anita's strange adoption. The boy—"Rescued" was the odd, old-fashioned name she gave him—developed into wonderful beauty. Anity seemed to have no life but in him; at home and among the neighbors she came to be known only as "Mother Anita," or "The Little Mother." So proud of him she was! From the first she seemed to have accepted it as a quiet certainty that he was fashioned of a finer material, and for a higher sort of life, than she had known. She was never quite content without him at her side. How much she suffered as he grew old enough to be taken sometimes with her father and brothers in the boat, was hinted by the red glow in her cheeks, and the restlessness of every look and motion, till she had him safely back again.

City people, who began to find the little village pleasant for a summer's fishing and bathing, were quick to make friends with the deformed girl whose spiritual face, radiant with love for her beautiful young charge, attracted them like some rare picture. Many offered her gifts of money, which she declined with gentle gratitude, asking for books instead—always adding, apologetically, "to teach him, you know." So it happened that a various library accumulated by degrees in her little chamber. As she read and studied glimpses of a new world opened before her, but as the little that she learned only hinted at what she could never know the sad conviction forced itself upon her that she could, after all, never be her boy's teacher.

The great wrench of her life came when Rescued was twelve years old. Judge Thorne, with his wife and little daughter, came down to the sea-shore, their hearts sore for the recent loss of their only son. The strong resemblance of Rescued to her dead child quite overcame Mrs. Thorne, as she chanced to see him for the first time playing on the beach; and when his strange history was told her she begged her husband to take him for their own.

When Judge Thorne preferred his request to old John Grey he shook his head.

"Not but 'twould be the makin' of the boy, Judge Thorne, but you see my darter—why! the little mother'd grieve to death if Rescued should be took away!"

But as the Judge still urged, he said at last. "There's no use talkin': but if you'd like to hear what she'd say herself, I'll call her in, for there she comes!"

Anita came in, and Judge Thorne stood half abashed before the quiet dignity which comported so ill with the small, deformed figure. Having once heard Anita speak, one must respect too much to pity her. Unconsciously he dropped the manner with which he had spoken to her father, and in a few broken, heart-felt sentences, plead his doubtful cause.

Anita grew deadly pale, and her fingertips, resting on a table beside her, were white with pressure, but otherwise she seemed calm and quiet, never once taking her eyes from Judge Thorne's face, reading him through and through.

"I will answer you to-morrow," she said, when he had done; then she turned away and went up to her own room. What fierce conflict she waged there with her own heart we can never know, but her unselfish love conquered at last.

With the autumn the little Rescued went to his new home.

"You shall come to us often, Anita," Mrs. Thorne had said, but the quiet answer was, "No, Mrs. Thorne, it is not best—it would be all the harder to leave him again, and my place is here."

The little mother's face grew somewhat paler and thinner; but there was no other outward change, except that wealth of care and tenderness which she had lavished for years upon the one beloved object was distributed now to bless and cheer the many.

It was she who gathered the little children of the village together into a school, which she taught not so much from text-books as from shells and stones and flowers, planting in their young hearts that seed of love for God and all that He has made, which would spring up by-and by in a plentiful harvest of faith and right living. It was she who read the Bible to the old; who wept with the widow and orphan; whose sweet voice put in words the last prayer of the dying.

She herself sickened at last, wasting slowly but surely.

"I don't think we'd ever rightly known how much she suffered all her life," old John Grey said to me as we sat together in the church door one Sabbath afternoon after service, looking towards the graveyard, whose simple stones were shining in the prophetic glory of sunset. "She was so cheery and patient-like, never talkin' of herself. It was so to the last. There was only one thing she longed for after she felt she couldn't live, and that was to see the boy again. She hadn't seen him for six years, for the Thornes had been in England for that long. As she got weaker she mourned the more. 'Oh! I want to be willin,' she used to say; 'but if it could be God's will to let me see him once more!'"

"There was a heavy storm the night she died. The wind howled around the old house, and we could skerce hear one another speak for the noise of the sea. I never can forgit how she looked as she lay there listenin', with her white face and her eyes so big and bright. All to once she spoke: 'It's eighteen years ago to-night,' says she, 'in just such a storm as this, that God sent my boy,' and while the words was in her mouth, I heard a noise of wheels outdoors, and a stamping on the steps, and the kitchen-door opened, and As come in—mangrown and tall and stout—a likelier lookin' lad I never laid my eyes on, but the same Rescued after all!

"'How is she?' he whispered; 'we landed last week, and it's only yesterday I heard through Jacob Thompson that she was sick.'

"I held up my finger for him to speak lower, but it was no use—she'd heard him, and she started up in bed, with her lips apart and her eyes on the door. I beckoned to him then, and he came in. 'Oh little mother!' he just sobbed, and she put her two arms around his neck without a word, and he laid her down gently. Oh, Sir, you never saw such a face! You know how the Good Book says they saw Stephen's—well hers was like that.

"Somehow words didn't mean much then, and we all kept still. He sat by her and held her hand till near midnight; then a change came over her. Her eyes had an odd look, and we could see she wasn't with us any more. All at once she raised up. 'He's walkin' up,' she said, 'the precious lamb!' and then she began to sway herself back and forth, and to sing the little song she used to rock him to sleep with:

" 'Sleep, little one, like a lamb in the fold,
Shut from the tempest, safe from the cold—
Sleep, little one, like a star in the sky,
Wrapped in a cloud while the storm-wind sweeps by!'"

"Her voice grew fainter and fainter, and sweeter and sweeter, and so she died."

AROUND THE NECK.—The foundation of the collar philosophy must be, of course, the meaning of the collar itself, generally considered. Following strictly the method of our most recent scientific historians, we have no doubt whatever that the collar is really a development of that most ancient badge of servitude, the neck ring. This has been modified in numerous ways; first changing its material from brass and iron to softer fabrics; now extending wide its borders, as seen in the early English style; then doubling itself up into innumerable folds, as seen in the Elizabethan; then restricting itself, playing its part, so to speak, with the "reserve force" which characterizes the modern comedian; till we have arrived at the comparitively diminutive, but not the less significant, collars of to-day.

A multitude of small facts prove this to be the origin of the article in question. The policeman takes an opponent by the collar, not because it is particularly convenient to do so, but because it is an emblematic act, reminding the offender, as well as all the bystanders, that he is the slave and subject of the law. Then, again, a man really puts on a collar, though he may not know it, as a token of submission to society in general, which is proved by the fact that the more a man goes into society the more clean collars does he put on, and the fact that gentlemen who revolt against society, and prey upon it, make their independence known most frequently by the absence of any collar at all. From these analogous circumstances, we may fairly draw the conclusion that the collar, specifically, is an emblem of submission. It only remains to reconcile this conclusion with the general one of clothes being a "manifold cunning victory over want;" which is done when we reflect that submission is frequently the best way to victory over anything; of stooping to conquer, in fact.

Marvelous Restorations.

The cures which are being made by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Rheumatism and all chronic diseases, by their Compond Oxygen Treatment, are indeed marvelous. If you are a sufferer from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, write for information about this treatment, and it will be promptly sent without charge.

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AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

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PNEUMONIA,

or any Inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

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Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver complaints, etc.

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Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken down stomach, Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

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New Publications.

A little book in pamphlet form, which none can be the worse for reading, and many the better, is "A Key to Universal Peace and Prosperity." It is an appeal to rulers, all in authority and lovers of humanity everywhere to unite their efforts in relieving the poor, preventing crime, etc., and thus hasten the good time coming. Printed by W. Syckelmoore, 1420 Chestnut St. Philadelphia. 80 pages; price twenty-five cents.

MAGAZINES.

The March *Century* may truthfully be termed a "war number." Illustrated papers of a war character are: The First Fight of Iron-Clads, by Col. John Taylor Wood, the senior surviving officer of the Merrimac, describing the combat with the Monitor; In the Monitor Turret, by the late Commander S. D. Greene, who commanded in the turret, and relieved Admiral Worden, when the latter was disabled in the pilot-house; Gen. Colston, who during the fight was 'Watching the Merrimac,' from the Confederate works on Sewall's point, describes the scene in a paper with the above title; the third part of Recollections of a Private, are given, and several subjects are treated in Memoranda of the Civil War. Recent events lend special interest to The Land of the False Prophet, an illustrated article by Gen. R. E. Colston, formerly of the Egyptian General staff. In this number Messrs. James and Howells continue their respective serials. The astronomer Langley concludes his papers on The New Astronomy; Mr. John Bigelow prints his Recollections of Charles O'Conor, the famous lawyer; and Mr. Stephen M. Allen his Reminiscences of Daniel Webster, each article being accompanied by a full-page portrait. Rev. O. B. Frothingham has a striking essay on The Worship of Shakspeare. Besides the verses in Bric-a-Brac, poems are published by Stedman and Cheney. The editorial and 'Open Letters' departments are filled with good reading. The Century Co., New York.

While the frontispiece of the March number of *The Magazine of Art* may not appeal to as severe critics as that in the February number, it will attract as many admirers. Other examples of the pictures at the Royal Institute, where The Wonder Story, was exhibited, are given. That by F. D. Millet also tells a pleasant story, No Unwelcome Guest, it is called. The artist whose home is described this month is Mr. Frank Hollis, in Fitz John Avenue. Miss Zimmern, with her pen, and Mr. Hatherell with his pencil, give us an insight into the Hollis home that is as attractive as it is graphic. Among the other articles in this fine number of *The Magazine of Art*, are: The Madonna Ansidei, by Claude Phillips, with two illustrations—Raphael's famous painting, which the British Government talks of buying for the unprecedented sum of $350,000; The Artist in Corsica, by E. T. Compton, with illustrations by the author; Nicolas Poussin, by Richard Heath; Portraiture in France, by R. A. M. Stevenson, with illustrations after Daumier, Gerard, Lebrun, Largilliere, Mignard, and David; a second chapter on English Sculptured Stones, by Rev. G. F. Browne, with nine examples; The Royal Institute, with engravings; and poems and pictures: A Tuscan May-day, by Mary Robinson and W. J. Hennessy. Cassell & Company, Limited, New York, $3.50 a year.

The English Illustrated Magazine for March contains the following novel and highly interesting articles. The frontispiece is an engraving from a photograph of Princes Edward and George of England going down a coal-mine in Australia. It accompanies a splendidly illustrated article from the Diary of the princes entitled H. M. Ship Bacchante at the Antipodes; Primroses and Cowslips, splendidly illustrated; The Art of Casting of Bronze, finely illustrated; A Ship of '49, serial; Pilgrimages; A Family Affair, etc., etc. Macmillan & Co., New York. Price 15 cents.

The March number of *Babyhood*, a novel magazine for mothers contains: The Accidents and Injuries of Early Childhood and their Prompt Treatment (the first of a series), by Dr. Jerome Walker, of the Children's Sanitarium at Coney Island; an article on Teething, etc. The usual departments are well filled, Nursery Problems being particularly comprehensive, and a new feature, The Mothers' Parliament, is introduced, to which readers are invited to send communications on subjects of general interest. 15 cents a number, $1.50 a year. 18 Spruce St., New York.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly for March like all its forerunners, is full of good things for the lover of flowers and of gardens. $1.25 per year. James Vick, Publisher, Rochester New York.

CARE and toil came into the world with sin, and remain ever since inseparable from it.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If en route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

MODERN OPERA.

ACT I.

A lady (very high soprano)
  Is buried in the depth of woe;
The deeper goes her vocal sorrow,
  The higher up her head tones go.

Beloved by an awkward tenor,
  She clings to him with faithful heart;
Her brother (very heavy basso),
  However, tears the pair apart.

The tenor, after singing falsely,
  Decamps and goes to parts unknown;
The lady proves that this afflicts her
  By flattening almost half a tone.

She tells her troubles to her servant,
  A very faithful (alto) maid,
Who listens without much emotion,
  As if she felt quite under-paid.

ACT II.

A marriage follows with another,
  (A tenor of the second class);
Her brother seals the fatal nuptials,
  And things come to a frightful pass.

Her lover had a round trip ticket
  When he went off to parts afar;
He comes back just too late to stop it;
  The wedding's done, and here we are!

The lady faints to heavy brasses;
  The lover curses with the strings;
A tumult follows in the orchestra;
  Then all the crowd together sings.

ACT III.

The lady, after long cadenzas,
  Plunges a dagger in her breast;
The lover doesn't seem to like it,
  And drags a high C from his chest.

Her brother stabs the awkward tenor,
  Who doesn't know which way to fall,
But finally becomes recumbent,
  With an enormous caterwaul.

The brother, lonely and forsaken,
  Upon the dead soprano calls;
The chorus, looking apathetic,
  Sings on until the curtain falls.

—S. T. OLEN.

Humorous.

Post-men—Bill-stickers.

Birds that never fly—Weathercocks.

Unsatisfactory meal—A domestic broil.

The most absorbing business—The sponge trade.

What kind of paper most resembles a sneeze? Tissue paper.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it's the scent-er.

What is that which divides by uniting, and unites by dividing? Shears.

"When a healthy man can't eat, he's sick," said Pat, reaching for another potato.

Why are lovers like armies? Because they get along well enough till the engagement begins.

A Western calf has four ears. This is fortunate for the calf, as he will not be mistaken for a dude.

For the mere sake of being considered generous, it is not necessary for a man to "give himself away."

The purchase of diamonds by the peck is sometimes facetiously alluded to; but it is a fact that gold is found by the quartz.

"Who is that across the street?" "Oh, that is a very close friend of mine." "Indeed!" "Yes. Never lends a cent."

Why is it dangerous to be out in Spring? Because the grass has blades, the flowers pistils, the leaves shoot, and the bullrushes out.

What is that which by adding something to it will become smaller, but if you add nothing, it will become larger? A hole in a stocking.

There was a thing just four weeks old, when Adam was no more; before that thing was five weeks old, Adam was four score? The moon.

A market reporter says that his sweetheart encouraged him, and he thought of marrying her at once, but that a further advance was followed by a decline.

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long! How admirable are thy works, oh, Nature!

"What makes you so late coming to school this morning?" asked a teacher in one of the New York public schools, of a tardy pupil. "They arrested a burglar on 58th street, and ma sent me to see if it was pa," was the reply.

Scene—Army competitive examination. Examiner: "If King Alfred were still alive, what part would he probably take in the politics of the present day?" Competitor: "If King Alfred were still alive, he would be much too old to take part in politics."

Speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, a political orator said that on the field of battle he was always found where the bullets were thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition-wagon," said another.

"Yes, sir," Gubbins said, much excited, "he's a contemptible liar, and I told him so!" "That's rather a risky thing to do. I wonder he didn't knock you down!" returned his friend. "Oh, I forgot to mention that I told him through the telephone!" said Gubbins.

"I saw your advertisement for a young man of good address," remarked one of the applicants for a vacant position, "and I thought I would call in and reply. My address is Boston, Mass., and if that isn't as good as the best I should like to know where you will find a better one."

Winter clothing—A mantle of snow and a coat-ing of ice.

"Why are you slapping your forehead?" a four-year-old was asked. "I'm a flukking," came the answer. "Do the souls of people go to heaven?" asked Alice. "Yes," was the reply. "And not the bodies?" "No." "Well," said Alice, "what do you fasten the wings on to?"

A cancer, attributed to poison from tobacco, attacked the tongue of a Canadian, and the member had to be amputated. "And yet," feelingly comments a man who wooed and won a woman with a peppery temper, "and yet some meddlesome people discourage the female sex from using the precious weed."

A New Yorker went into a crowded car and asked if he could have the seat which was then occupied by a hat, whose owner was sitting in the next seat. The man, angrily grasping his hat, answered: "Yes, take it, if you're a hog." "I'm so near one that I guess I'll take it," returned the other.

YOUNG MEN!--READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

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Sedentary habits, mental worry, nervous excitement, excess or imprudence in eating or drinking, and various other causes, induce Constipation followed by general derangement of the liver, kidneys, and stomach, in which the disorder of each organ increases the infirmity of the others.

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In every instance where this disease does not originate from scrofulous taint in the blood, AYER'S PILLS may be confidently relied upon to effect a cure. Those cases not amenable to the curative influence of AYER'S PILLS alone will certainly yield if the PILLS are aided by the powerful blood-purifying properties of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE changes that have been introduced in the shape and size of underskirts have necessitated an alteration in the arrangement of the steels. The following directions for cutting skirts and placing the steels will therefore be acceptable, as they are adapted for the latest styles, especially in full plain skirts.

For a tall and slender figure, the underskirt will consist of four breadths of silk or alpaca; the front breadth is 23 inches wide at the edge, and 16 inches wide at the top; the gores are 14 inches wide at the edge, and 11 inches wide at the top, and the straight back breadth is 30 inches wide throughout. This gives a total width of 2¼ yards for the edge of the skirt. When the seams are finished, a band of stiff muslin, 10 inches wide, is tacked or pinned in place, about 4 inches from the edge, and the piece of material left free is turned back on the muslin to form the hem; the upper edge of the muslin hem is also neatly sewn down. The narrow pleating or balayeuse is next put on to edge the skirt. The top of the skirt is left for the present, except that three small pleats may be taken in the front breadth to reduce its width.

The steels are next arranged for. Two of these will suffice, as they are less prominent than they were a few months since. The first is placed at 20 inches from the edge, and is 19 inches long; the second one is 10 inches higher up, and is 18 inches long.

At each end of the casing through which the steel is passed a piece of half-inch wide elastic is sewn; the two pieces sewn to the ends of the first steel are nearly 5 inches long, and those joined to the second steel are 4½ inches long; there is, in fact, barely half-an-inch difference in their lengths. The pieces of elastic are joined by safety hooks and eyes, and these should invariably be unhooked when the dress is taken off and hung up. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon dressmakers, whether professional or amateur, that elastic should always take the place of tapes for tying in the back breadths of skirts; the elastic answers infinitely better, whether the dress be loosely or tightly strained, and the skirt wears better if allowed to fall free when not in use. Accidents are also prevented, as the elastic gives with every movement; it neither comes off, as the tapes often do, nor does it tear the dress, a misfortune which frequently occurs if the sewing on of the tape happens to be stronger than the material.

The overskirt is easily explained and quickly made. It consists of three breadths of double-width material, one for the front and two for the back, or six breadths of narrow width material, all cut perfectly straight and even. A four-inch wide hem is made at the edge, and the top is gathered in to the size of the waist and joined to the foundation skirt, which is also reduced to the same dimensions. The best way to finish skirts off at the top is to bind them with a bias band of silk, which serves as a waistband.

These measurements refer only to plain materials, silk or woolen figured materials, especially if of rich texture and with large patterns, have the plain skirts quite straight in front and at the sides. These skirts are generally made entirely of the figured fabric, the short paniers or other draperies only concealing the top of the skirt near the waist. But in remodelling half-worn dresses a couple of breadths of brocbe material will suffice to give the effect of a complete skirt of brocbe, under a polonaise or redingote of one of the rough woolen materials—vigogne, llmousine or cloth, that are now so fashionable. The open fronts disclose the tablier of a brocbe skirt, made of one breadth, the other one being cut into bands to head the pleating round the edge of the skirt, and showing just below the edge of the polonaise.

Still smaller pieces may be utilized as plastrons and waistcoats, and as no material is more fashionable than velvet, the smallest remnants of velvet should be reserved for use. Straight bands of all depths are employed for trimming skirts, and bands cut in scallops or lance-head points are equally in vogue for the same purpose; the bands are sometimes almost as deep as the skirt and cut in sharp points at the edge, the divisions being carried nearly to the top. The effect of these long loose lappets, flying up at every step if the wearer moves at all energetically, is not good, however, and the rounded, pointed, or leaf-shaped scallops bordering the skirt only are very much to be preferred. Velvet skirts are universally worn, but if there is not enough velvet to make a complete skirt it can be used for trimming, and all colored dresses may be trimmed with black velvet.

A very good way to use up odd lengths of velvet, is to keep the best part for a waistcoat, sharply pointed in the centre, and falling a little below the edge of the corsage. Below the waistcoat again a flat band of velvet is carried over the hips and ends under the drapery of the puff. A band of velvet, from seven to ten inches wide, borders the skirt, and a long velvet sash bow, lined with silk, and fastened on to the puff with a metal buckle a little below the waist, gives a finishing touch to the back of the dress.

The resources of velvet are, in fact, inexhaustible, and, as it is quite permissible to trim the corsage only with velvet, provided there is no other, or no incongruous, trimming on the skirt, very small pieces may be utilized as a waistcoat, with collar and parements to match, or as a plastron laid on the bodice and scalloped at the edge on each side, the upper part of the parement, that lying back on the sleeve, being scalloped to match.

Another way of utilizing small pieces of velvet will recommend itself to young ladies for simple evening toilette. The skirt may be of lace, muslin, voile, silk, or any other light colored fabric; the velvet, which need not be new, is used in making a corselet, fastened on the shoulders with ribbon bows, and worn over a pleated chemisette, with puffed or pleated sleeves to the elbow, made of very fine white silk muslin, gauze, crepe lisse, or lace. The corselet is cut low, front and back, and has narrow basques very little over two inches deep; it may be laced in front or embroidered with gold, steel, or silver thread, and spangles to match. When embroidered in this way, it is fastened at the back or under the arm, and the shoulders are tied together with ribbon in the Neapolitan fashion.

Tabliers of velvet, embroidered with gold thread and spangles, and scalloped at the edge over a lace flounce, are also very fashionable, and may be worn with a short Figaro jacket, embroidered round the edge in the same way.

Besides the materials that may be bought, there are also those that can be made; that is to say, a plain woolen fabric may be converted into one very handsomely decorated with embroidery. In these costumes the skirt of plain woolen material, and the portions embroidered are the edge of the tunic, the waistcoat, the edge of the corsage, the collar, and the parements. The embroidery is worked with gold thread, silk, the two combined, chenille, or wool. Very simple patterns are chosen—such as spots, diamonds, cubes, Maltese crosses, crescents, &c., in graduated sizes, or all in the same size. The graduated sizes are most effective, the largest designs being placed near the edge, and the spots diminishing in size as they are worked higher on the tunic.

Very often the material of an old dress is sufficient for a new one, made in a simpler fashion; for instance, the new skirt, instead of being pleated, may be plain, and trimmed with bias bands of velvet, or with rows of ribbon velvet or of braid. The plain skirt may also be trimmed with a band of imitation astrakan in the color of the material, but these colored astrakan bands are not universally admired, and the prejudice against them is one to be respected. The remainder of the material taken from the skirt will provide the short tunic, and the new jacket bodice can be cut from the old tunic.

Trimmings are now made of strips of colored cloth, pinked out on one side. First of all a narrow pinked out strip of scarlet cloth is sewn on a band of stiff muslin, a strip of blue cloth comes next, and the two colors are thus alternated, until the whole band is of the required width. Any color can of course, be alternated in the same way. Wide metal braids can also be made by sewing rows of narrow gold, silver, or steel braid close together, on any firm foundation; the different kinds of braid can be alternated in straight rows, or arranged in any simple pattern, and spots can be worked on the surface with chenille if liked. A waistcoat or plastron covered entirely in this way, is a capital addition to a half-worn costume.

Fireside Chat.

HOSTESS AND GUESTS.

A WISE hospitality is one of the duties of our lives, and yet in how few houses are stray comers invited to join the family meals! Entertaining most generally means parties. A hearty welcome comes well from the house-mother, and a man appreciates the fact greatly that he may whenever he pleases take a friend home unexpectedly, without being put to the blush by the deficiencies of his domestic arrangements, or being received with black looks. To bring this about, the table should be always laid as neatly and well as though visitors were expected, and a centre flower or pretty ornament not omitted. With a press the table-cloth, even at the end of a week, may still present a respectable appearance; but the press must be well screwed down, and the cloth previously damped. It is best to keep distinct cloths for breakfast and dinner. It is no economy not to have a sufficient stock of table-linen; what a sufficiency is, depends on the size and requirements of the family, and valuable practical hints on these points may be found in almost any manual of domestic economy.

On the question of stores the most experienced housekeepers differ. On the one hand, it is said that only a sufficient quantity of the several articles required, had in weekly, prevents waste; on the other hand, that a shortness of supply is apt to lead to domestic discomfort. Things cannot be properly cooked without the necessary materials, and the science of housekeeping is to know what the *necessary* materials are. According to my own personal experience of some years, the best plan is for the mistress to keep a moderate store of such things as are known to be required, and to give them out herself in the quantities needed, but only at stated times, or she will find that servants will be coming to her at all hours.

Tinned soups and meat, and some preserved fruits, which will make an appetizing sweet in a few minutes, should have their place in every store-room where unexpected demands on the resources of the establishment are likely to occur. Variety in food, and such food served in appetising fashion, are essential points in domestic management; and in domestic economy, good carving. Meat goes much further if it is well cut. The mistress should see that this is properly done, but she will be able to do so with double force if a good example is set in the dining-room.

I will just give a few practical details as to the best methods of cleaning glass, &c., for on these things much of the necessary dainty appearance of the table depends. To begin with the glasses: these should be washed in soap and water, and then discolored; a flannel with powdered blue dabbed about it will do much good. They should then be rubbed with a fine cloth or silk handkerchief. A wash-leather should be kept to rub up decanters before placing on the table. Dish-covers should be cleaned with oil and whiting put on with a flannel, then rubbed with dry whiting and soft dusters, and polished with a leather. Port wine is apt to stain decanters. To remove it, fill the bottle with cold water and let it stand all night, then add a few dice-shaped pieces of bread after the water is out. Shake it up, rinse again and turn the decanter bottom upward.

Plate is best washed at once in hot water and soda, and cleaned with rouge rubbed off with the hand, and polished with a leather; it should also be rubbed up with a leather whenever it is put on the table.

The first point to consider in entertaining is what your means are; do not attempt too much; but what you do, do well. Be given to what hospitality you can really afford; a warm welcome goes a great way towards making guests happy. In selecting people to meet each other, consider how they will assimilate and bring brightness and interest to bear on yourself. Humdrum *tete-a-tetes*, constant discussions about domestic worries, do not add to the enjoyment of life or promote any of the pleasure mutual society ought to give. Morning visitors to a busy housekeeper are most likely to waste time, but visitors to the house in the afternoon should be encouraged; they bring a fresh atmosphere and a fresh current of thoughts.

The pleasantest houses are those where the mistress is forgetful of herself; neither affected nor self-conscious, and warm in her welcome.

If you have guests in your house, or are inviting them for any parties, bear in mind that though a word from you may bring them together and add to their pleasure, they must be left to enjoy themselves the way they themselves like best. An overfussiness of entertaining is a fatal mistake.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest;" provide every little comfort in their rooms; train the servants to bring up the trunks quickly; remove straps and cords; offer tea, and be generally on the alert to minister to their wants. But do not consider it necessary to lay plans for every hour, or never to leave your visitors a moment to themselves.

There is one apparently trivial matter which yet peculiarly indicates a well-ordered house—namely, answering the door to visitors. There should be no delay. The knock or ring should be promptly attended to, and by a neat and clean domestic. In large establishments this is easy enough, not so where the number of servants is limited. Where a housemaid, parlormaid, and cook are kept, the parlormaid ought to be ready morning and afternoon; but where there are but two, the duty falls upon the cook in the morning and the housemaid in the afternoon; and it should be a rule, to which no exception is made, that the housemaid changes her dress by midday dinner. She should be duly instructed whether her mistress be at home to visitors, and should be taught exactly how to announce them, and to be on the alert to open the door to them when they go out. They should also learn that on no account should they close the hall door until the visitors have quite departed.

PEOPLE are always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude, but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too.

Correspondence.

READER.—Dumb-bell practice is an excellent mode of expanding the chest. But be careful not to use bells which are too heavy.

H. MATTHEWS.—Verbum sat sap. is Latin, and means, "A word is enough for a wise man," sap. being a contraction for sapienti.

F. E. L.—By sending your address to the Secretary of War or your Congressman you can obtain the names and residences of the heads of the different departments of the army and navy.

K. L.—You and your aunt are two very foolish women. It is very unhealthy to lace so very tight; one does it not only at the expense of health, but also good looks, for the blood rushes to the face and hands, causes pimples, a swollen red nose, and red, drooping eyes.

EMIGLIA.—We are unable to suggest anything to turn brown hair golden except a hair dye, and we strongly advise you to be content with the color nature has given you. If, however, you are bent upon changing it, you will buy the dye better and cheaper than you can make it.

R. N.—Do not try to attract this young man. Let him see plainly that you are liked by others and can be very happy without any attention from him. Nothing tends to increase the value of anything in our eyes so much as to see it desired by others. This course will be likely to bring about the desired result.

F. L.—To equivocate means to use words of doubtful significance with the intention to mislead; it also signifies prevarication or shuffling. The stem of the Latin term from which it is derived is made up of two words, equus (equal) and vox (voice) the idea being that of two significations equally appropriate or plausible.

M. E. A.—The painful sense of ignorance you seem to feel will soon disappear if you set yourself to read steadily and carefully. Take a course of history, and do not forget that historical study, like charity, ought to begin at home. You may also read standard works of fiction—those, for example, of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and the Brontes.

H. ECILA.—The word "limited" in connection with companies means that the liability of the shareholders does not exceed the amount of their shares. In all other companies the shareholders, in the event of failure, are liable to call after call until the deficiency is made up. Thus a person who holds shares to the value of $500, may not only lose every penny of the money, but may have to pay an unlimited amount besides.

FAIRENHAIR.—We should advise you not to press your attentions upon the lady in her periods of coldness. It may seem hard to you to say so, but it is possible that you are too devoted to her, and that she would give you better treatment if you kept a tighter rein upon your feelings. Try the effect of a more matter-of-fact demeanor; this is compatible with perfect kindness, and even with devotion of an unobtrusive kind.

H. A. L.—Scotland Yard is the headquarters of the metropolitan police force of London. The "yard" is a small court off Whitechapel, which is surrounded by the offices of the police and detective departments and their forces. This court was called Scotland Yard before it was used for its present purpose, and was so named in honor of Scotland, the same as one of Washington's boulevards is called Pennsylvania Avenue in honor of this State.

S. A. L.—The complaint from which you are suffering is far indeed from being uncommon. Do not for a moment suppose, we beg of you, that you are really losing your reason. People who are going mad do not feel at all as you do; on the contrary, they never felt their intellect brighter, clearer, or more collected in their whole lives than just at the moment when they are sinking into insanity. The fact is you are self-conscious. Instead of brooding any longer over your own distressed mental state, try to shake it all off, forget yourself, and think only of your children, your friends, and, above everything, the world in general all around you. Do not be self-centred; the more you can get away from your own personality and your own wearing household duties the better for you. If possible, try to have some change of air and scene—we gather that you can easily afford it—take a week at Cape May or Atlantic, and, while there, think not of your own terrible symptoms (as you believe them), but of the new faces and fresh sights you see around you.

DUB.—After a careful perusal of the facts you mention, we have arrived at the conclusion that there is not the slightest reason why the quarrel between you and your friends should be continued. There is evidently a misunderstanding on one side or the other, and you can easily put yourself right in the matter by writing a courteous note to the brother of the young lady in question, expressing regret that any rupture of your friendship should have occurred; that if any words used by you on the occasion referred to were open to the construction put upon them, you were totally unconscious of the fact, and that, therefore, the offence complained of was quite unintentional on your part. Say that you willingly apologize for any wrong you may have unwittingly committed, and for the annoyance which you have thereby occasioned. If this fail to heal the breach, you will at all events have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done what you could to bring about a reconciliation, and, moreover, acted in a straightforward, gentlemanly manner.

STANDARD.—Flora Macdonald is celebrated for her romantic association with the Young Pretender, Prince Charles, his cause having sustained a crushing blow on the field of Culloden, had taken refuge in the island of South Uist, which was presently surrounded on all sides by ships and boats, while companies of soldiers were put on shore to search every cavern and corner in the island. In this extremity, it was suggested to the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, then about twenty-four years of age, that she should take Charles, dressed in woman's clothes, as her maid, and conduct him out of the island to Skye. At first the young lady refused, but, being introduced to the Prince in person, his and condition quickly conquered her reluctance. From her step-father she was able to get a pass for herself and for her "maid," Betty Burke, and, the Prince having donned a feminine habit, they began their perilous journey, and reached the island of Skye in safety, where they parted company. Shortly afterwards Flora was arrested, and carried as a rebel to London, her secret having been betrayed by the boatmen who had ferried her and Charles from South Uist. After twelve months' captivity she was released, and went back to the Highlands with some £700, which had been collected for her chiefly among Jacobites in London.